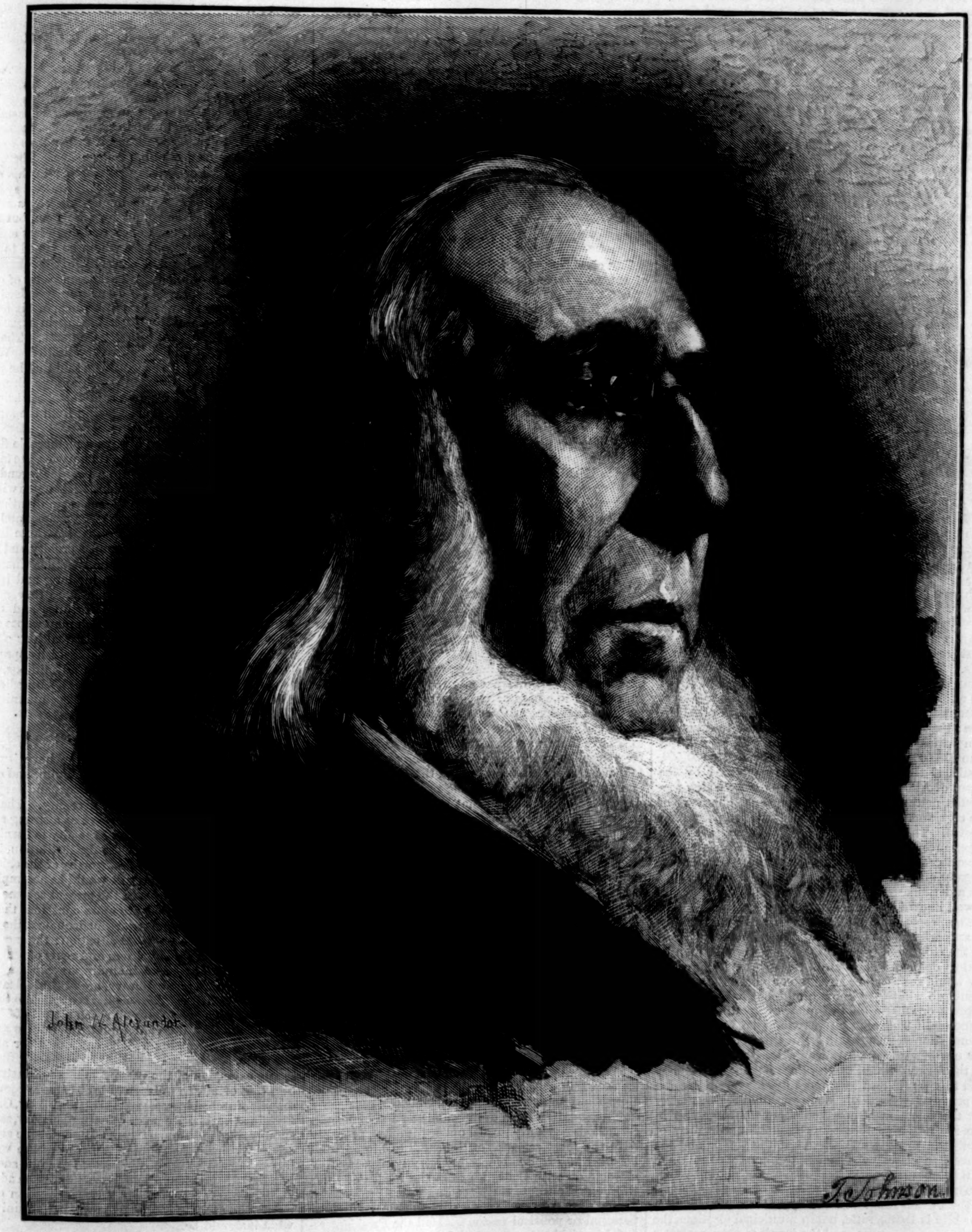
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXVII.—No. 1373.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1883.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Copyright, 1883, by Harper & Brothers.


John W. Alexander
T. Johnson

PETER COOPER.—Drawn from Life by John W. Alexander.—[See Page 226.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department,* HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December,* 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW SERIAL STORY.

In this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found the opening chapters of a new and fascinating serial story, entitled*

"DISARMED!"

from the pen of MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, *author of* "*Kitty,*" "*Exchange No Robbery,*" *and other popular novels.*

TWO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS FOR NEW YORK.

THE most important bills now pending in the Legislature of New York are the aqueduct bill and the New York charter. The real public interest in both bills is substantially the same. It is in the one case to secure the best and most economical construction of a great public work, and in the other to provide the most efficient government for the city. In both cases the public concern is economy and efficiency. But this is not the selfish and political interest in them; that interest is to secure place and pay for a certain ring of politicians, and to turn to the most party advantage the patronage involved in both bills. The real public interest is to prevent two enormous jobs. The mischief presents itself in one bill in the effort to secure the appointment of the aqueduct commissioners by the Mayor and the Board of Aldermen; that is to say, the persons who are to expend a sum which at the lowest estimate will be not less than $18,000,000, and which may become $40,000,000, would, if this effort succeeds, be appointed by the Board of Aldermen of New York—a body which represents neither the intelligence nor the character of the city, and which as a body is neither respected nor trusted. The Mayor, it is true, would nominate. But experience shows that he would probably either obey some secret influence, as in the nominations he has already made, or select such persons as he supposes the aldermen would confirm; and that kind of person is well known in municipal politics.

The proper plan under the circumstances would be to authorize the Mayor to appoint with the approval of the Governor. The responsibility would then be plainly defined. The State of New York and the country would see whether Mr. EDSON and Mr. CLEVELAND would do what they know intelligent public opinion expects, or what a knot of notorious political jobbers demands. The alternative would be to name the commissioners in the bill. But this is less desirable, for obvious reasons. It would lead to amendments in the form of substitution of some names for others, and this would end in a most unedifying discussion of personal character. Moreover, final responsibility for the selection of commissioners would be lost in the multitude of legislators and the uncertainty of motives. On the other hand, if the Mayor and the Governor alone must name the commission, there will be no doubt of the real responsibility.

The proposed city charter recalls the days and deeds of the TWEED Ring. The theory of the bill is simple. The city is Democratic, but in municipal elections the party is often restive, and the result is then a matter of serious apprehension to the party bosses, because a Republican ticket offers the opportunity of revolt to defeat the Democratic machine. The TWEED plan was to take the Republican machine into partnership, and proportionally divide the spoils, and that seems to be the present scheme. The administration of city affairs is apparently to be parcelled out among the Democratic factions and the Republican machine; while, as the dominant party, the Democratic bosses are to control certain departments which are now divided. The purpose of such a deal is to make the Ring secure, in case of a reformed Democratic or independent ticket, by providing a straight Republican ticket, and preventing union against the Ring. This is the old and familiar trick. It was played at the last election, when Mr. O'BRIEN was nominated, and it would be a suggestive event if Mr. O'BRIEN should be one of the beneficiaries of the new arrangement. The whole scheme is illustrative of the actual failure of popular government in the city, where a few men, by means of the patronage, select municipal officers and legislators solely for the purpose of retaining their own power and pay. The mass of voters in the different parties merely register the edicts of these few men. They have no initiative, and generally no knowledge of those for whom they vote. The worth and industry and intelligence and the taxpaying interest of the city have scarcely any representation either in the local or the State legislature or government. The severest comment upon the Democratic party—an argument intelligible everywhere in the country—is the government of the city of New York. If that party should now make a partisan aqueduct commission bill and a ring charter, it would furnish another effective argument against its success in the State next autumn and in the country next year.

A PUBLIC WRONG.

THE circumstances of the removal of the Collector of Internal Revenue at Detroit illustrate the truth of what we have said more than once, that the passage of the reform bill was but the beginning of reform, and that its friends must relax no effort or criticism if they would see the principle of that bill become the spirit of the service. General TROWBRIDGE, the Collector at Detroit, was an unexceptionable officer, one of the best in the internal revenue service. His collections last year amounted to $2,362,945, and his record of official service at the Treasury is stated to have been entirely satisfactory. But for some reasons, evidently unconnected with his official conduct, the Collector was not satisfactory to a knot of politicians in Michigan, including Senator CONGER and the well-known Mr. JAY A. HUBBELL. Perhaps he differed with those gentlemen upon the subject of assessments. Perhaps he declined to be an agent of their political and personal plans. But however this may be, certain politicians demanded his removal, and it is not known that they urged one public or proper reason for it.

Indeed, a year passed after their demand was made before the removal was ordered. This alone shows that there was no valid reason for it. According to the uncontradicted statements, the whole movement was a simple conspiracy of certain legislative officers in Michigan against an honest, capable, and efficient executive officer, and a conspiracy to secure other ends than those of good public service. Suppose, as is stated, that Senator CONGER demanded the removal of the Collector. If the Senator knew or had reason to believe that he was a dishonest man or an incapable officer, he had the same right as any other citizen to make complaint. But beyond that what right has Senator CONGER to demand the removal of an internal collector in Michigan that he has not to demand the removal of Collector ROBERTSON in New York? For Senator CONGER to insist that the President shall remove a collector, or a postmaster, or any other officer, except for valid public reasons, is a gross scandal and outrage, because the demand involves a covert threat to the Executive that if he does not yield he shall suffer defeat in future nominations. It is not only an unpardonable impertinence for one public officer to interfere in this manner with another, but it is an intolerable wrong to the public service, and a menace to the President.

The story has been now so long uncontradicted that its substantial accuracy may be assumed. But if Senator CONGER has been misrepresented, and should say so, we shall not fail to call attention to his denial. Meanwhile intelligent citizens may see in this one instance, which is but a single illustration of a system, the outrageous nature of the abuses in the civil service of which public opinion demands the correction. Here is an honest and exemplary citizen, admirably discharging his duties to the public as a revenue officer, who is suddenly turned out of his office, probably with the most serious consequences to himself and his family, because somebody else, who has nothing more to do with the office than the reader of these words, either wants the place as a reward for one of his own dependents, or wishes to punish the officer for personal or political reasons. Had the President refused to yield to the Senatorial dictation as his predecessor did, he would have been sustained by the country as his predecessor was sustained.

PETER COOPER.

THE career of PETER COOPER shows that wealth does not necessarily alienate general sympathy, and that public feeling toward rich men is determined by the use that they make of their money. He was a rich man, but there was probably no man in the city who was more universally beloved, or whose death would produce a profounder impression. The explanation is, of course, familiar. It was his unostentatious philanthropy. His sympathy with those to whom fortune is unkind was constant and wise. His success did not seal his eyes or benumb his heart, and as he had known honest poverty and the want of opportunity, his sagacity and industry enabled him to provide relief and to open opportunity for others in the most beneficent ways. There has been no more striking or significant spectacle in the city for many years than the annual Commencement of the Cooper Union, when the benign patriarch sat among the young men and women to whom with the most intelligent generosity he had given the means of helping themselves. It was an impressive contrast with the uses to which wealth is often put, but it illustrated why this rich man was beloved.

Mr. COOPER preferred to be his own executor. He did not leave to chance and the future the disposition of his bounty, but he personally superintended the details of his philanthropic enterprises, and sustained them with a great and untiring generosity, preferring temporarily to embarrass himself rather than to stay or limit the operation of his beneficence. There was no more marked or striking personality in this community. His was emphatically "the good gray head that all men knew." He held some views which were not accepted as sound by wise men, but they were all errors of benevolence, and doubtless endeared him more closely to those whom he aimed to benefit. The simplicity and sincerity of his character overbore in the public regard all eccentricity of opinion. Sure of his purpose, the community judged him by that alone, and by the great benefits of his actual achievements. Mr. COOPER'S feeling in regard to education was like that of EZRA CORNELL. The early education of both had been very limited. When he had amassed a fortune CORNELL said that he wished to found an institution in which any youth might learn anything, and COOPER said that he wished to prevent any young person suffering from the kind of want that he had known.

PETER COOPER will be always a memorable figure in the history of the city. As time passes, the tale of his good life will broaden into a popular legend like that of WHITTINGTON in London. His name will become a synonym of wise and modest philanthropy. He will be the accepted figure of sagacious and successful diligence, the type of a man, "whose life in low estate began," rising by simple probity and honest devotion to the highest public regard. There are many morals to be drawn from his long and beneficent and blameless life, but none more timely than this, in a community of great fortunes and of an eager strife for wealth, that the rich man whose daily conduct proves that he regards his wealth as a trust for others and not as a prize for his selfish appropriation, although he were worth untold millions, lives universally beloved, and dies amid the benedictions and sorrow of a consciously bereaved community.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

THE trustees of Columbia College have issued a plain statement of its financial condition, and of the necessary steps that must be taken to expand its system of instruction to that of a true university. The clear and complete exposition will serve as a strong appeal to the pride and munificence of the city to furnish an endowment which would make the institution, in the amplitude of its opportunities, worthy of the chief city of the continent. This result would be accomplished by supplying deficiencies in the present scheme of instruction, of which none are more conscious than the trustees, but their resources are inadequate to the work. In brief, this is the financial situation: the income of the college from students' fees and rents of real estate is $336,392; the expenses, including repairs, and interest, and increase of the library, are $298,690, leaving a surplus of $37,702. The surplus is applied to the cost of new buildings, which will reach a total of $750,000 by the time that the contemplated buildings are finished, and all surplus will be consumed for at least ten years.

The extension of the present scheme of instruction into that of a true university will require competent schools of archæology, comparative philology, Oriental literature, various branches of natural history, sanitary engineering, physical geography and the fine arts, and especially must the regular increase of the working library for training in original research be adequately secured. President BARNARD mentions an additional yearly revenue of about $200,000 and an endowment of $4,000,000 as desirable to make the university what it should be.

For the contemplated enlargement of the college system there are many advantages arising from the situation of Columbia in the great city. But there is one obvious disadvantage. The liberal gifts to other colleges are largely due to a kind of college loyalty and youthful association, which arise in great part from the romance and tradition of college life. But these are possible only where there can be college residence and a distinct college community, which in a great city are not practicable. We are far from meaning to draw upon our heads the wrath of C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a. But where there is no common and separate college life, something surely is lacking in the kind of hold which college has upon the graduate. There can hardly be the feeling for the London University, for instance, which there is for Oxford and Cambridge. In one word, when the associations of residence are wanting, much of the romance of college feeling does not exist, and this one spring of generosity is dry. But, on the other hand, this want may be supplied by the pride of a great city in a great university. Such is the wealth and the liberality of New York that it seems to us not at all improbable that men will come forward and propose to bear the expense of some of the Columbia buildings which are projected or erected, upon condition that they shall bear their names. To what better purpose could money be applied? What nobler memorial of his name could a man rear than a stately and beautiful college hall? It is in the libraries which they founded that the names of Astor and Lenox survive. It is in great universities—Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Johns Hopkins—that noble benefactors are nobly commemorated. The name of William of Wykeham lives chiefly in the colleges that he founded. Whoever should erect one of the Columbia halls and give to it his name would both advance the great university and build his own monument.

THE DEMOLITION OF "THE COCK."

The news that "The Cock," in Fleet Street, London, is to be demolished announces the disappearance of one of the resorts which are intimately associated with the characteristic life of London for centuries, and with the most famous names in English literature and history. Many a pilgrim to London would hasten first of all to the site of the old Tabard Inn in Southwark, and search curiously for some trace of Dame Quickly's tavern in Eastcheap, or Beaumont and Jonson's "Mermaid," or Dryden's "Buttons," or Dr. Johnson's "Mitre." London, indeed, swarms with taverns and clubs and resorts so intimately identified with the most interesting traditions that old London itself vanishes as they disappear.

"The Cock," of which there is a characteristic picture upon another page, is not only rich in old reminiscence—for it was unaltered since the days of James I., and Pepys made merry there in 1668—but it has acquired fresh charm in recent times from Tennyson's "Will Waterproof's Monologue," in which that thoughtful roisterer apostrophizes the "plump head waiter of the Cock." In Dickens's *Life and Letters* there is the same friendly feeling for the tavern as a seat of good-fellowship. Thackeray is never more charming than when he is playfully gossiping or moralizing about the good places for good dinners, and when he was in this country he was never more at home than when, at the "Century," he was seated with his cigar and his "modest glass," ruling with gentle sway, like Addison with his pipe, in his familiar realm.

Such associations as those of the famous London resorts of wits and poets and statesmen and scholars are of great value to any city. As they disappear the city is robbed of an influence which, although a mere sentiment, is most elevating and persuasive. The universal instinct of men which builds monuments and other memorials of the famous dead, the heroes and patriots, the poets and storytellers and orators, is akin to that which fondly cherishes the material objects with which they were associated, and preserves their autographs and every personal relic. New York has retained very few buildings which have any striking or interesting connection with the past. The most interesting of them is probably Fraunces' Tavern, at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, where Washington parted with his officers. But although London still teems with them, even London will have lost a charm which no splendor of architecture or convenience of building can restore, when the most famous "Cock" in the world is gone forever.

THE BROOKLYN "UNION."

Mr. John Foord, late editor of the New York *Times*, is not lost to New York journalism by going over the river to conduct the Brooklyn *Union*. But the change is one which furnishes a fitting opportunity to speak of the unusual editorial ability of Mr. Foord, his readiness, courage, and independence, his sound views of public questions, and the simplicity and incisive vigor of his style. During his connection with the *Times* he admirably maintained its high character as a wise and strong leader of political thought, and his transfer to the *Union* happily gives the good causes which the *Times* represents another efficient champion.

THE SPRAGUE-BUTLER DEFEAT.

The defeat of Sprague in Rhode Island is a popular rebuke of Butler and Butlerism, while the alarm of the canvass will be undoubtedly of service to the Republican managers in the State. The disaffection with that management was not strong enough to overcome the deep distrust of the ascendency of a man of no personal weight or importance, and who represented only discontent and the total want of political principle which is described by the word Butlerism.

Intelligent Republicans in Rhode Island may now well consider whether the management of the party may not be wisely reformed, and whether or not the conditions of the suffrage should be revised. The result ought not to be interpreted as a complete approval of what is well known in the State as "the machine." Many honest and independent voters took what they thought to be the best side of the alternative. But wise control of a party does not offer dilemmas to its own voters. A man who is not quite sure that he wishes his party to succeed at an election may be a very poor party man, but his case deserves careful consideration, because, when multiplied by a thousand or more, his vote or his indifference may defeat the party.

The thick-and-thin party men petulantly cry that if every party man voted as they vote there would be no trouble. That is very likely. But every party man is not a fool, and will not vote stupidly. It is a hard lesson for bosses to learn. But it is a lesson worth learning.

THE POSTMATER-GENERAL.

The appointment of General Gresham has been received with universal favor, not because he is very generally known to the country, but because all that is said of him is high praise both of his military and judicial career, and because of the unsatisfactory names that had been mentioned in connection with the office. As the only objection made to the appointment is that he is not generally known, it is to be remembered that the trouble with most of the persons named for the office was that they were too well known. General or Judge Gresham is from Indiana, and he is a positive but independent Republican, personally friendly to General Grant, but a supporter of Mr. Bristow in 1876. He is called to a post requiring extraordinary energy and administrative faculty, and his conduct will be watched with hope and confidence.

THE "ANNEX" OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The tendency of the time is obviously to give to women the same freedom of choice which men enjoy, and it is observed that where such freedom is conceded no evil results have followed. It would be hard to say why Miss Maria Mitchell and Mrs. Somerville should not have every opportunity which is accorded to Sir John Herschel or to Professor Airey, or in what way either they themselves or the community would suffer from their devotion to study.

The recent interesting report of the Harvard Annex shows the value of the opportunity which it offers to women, and how gladly they have availed themselves of it. And a report from a committee of the trustees has just been presented to the management of the University of Pennsylvania, proposing that women shall receive the same course of instruction in the university as men, but at a different time and place. They will be taught by the same professors, examined by the same board, and receive their degrees upon the same terms with the male students.

This proposition is justified by experience, to say nothing of good sense. The question of association in lectures and recitations is one of convenience and economy, and it will readily answer itself when the main point is gained. It is of course more expensive and unnecessarily troublesome to do at two times and in two places what can be as readily done at one. The comparative results of the experience of Cornell and Michigan universities, and that of the Harvard Annex and of the University of Pennsylvania, if the plan recommended should be adopted, will be watched with great interest.

PERSONAL.

Dr. McCosh having resigned the presidency of Princeton College, the name of Professor Murray, formerly pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York city, is oftener mentioned with reference to the succession than that of any other member of the faculty of the institution. The professor, who now fills the chair of English Literature, is a scholarly gentleman of much personal dignity, and a great favorite with the students. Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, is also spoken of as Dr. McCosh's successor.

—The National Academicians are felicitating themselves that during the first three days of their annual exhibition at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street not less than twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of pictures have been sold—more than twice the sum ever before received in the same time for the same purpose.

—On page 228 will be found the portrait of the Hon. Augustus O. Bourn, who has been elected Governor of Rhode Island, on the Republican ticket, by a large majority over the Independent and Democratic candidate, the Hon. William Sprague.

—A writer in Harper's Young People recently quoted the late Mr. Peter Cooper as saying: "The success of the Cooper Institute in preparing young women to earn a living has gratified me more than anything else. It was one of the things that I was most concerned about, and I made a statement of my desire in my 'deed of transfer' of the building to the trustees. Pupils come to our place, and behave themselves like gentlemen and ladies. For ten years not a single complaint of misconduct has been made to the trustees by any one of our twenty or thirty teachers. Nine boys whom we graduated are now professors in colleges. An old German called the other day to 'tank' me for his son's success; the lad, once a pupil of the Cooper Institute, is now a professor in the great University of Berlin, and much esteemed. So little is written about the Cooper Institute that people hardly know of its possibilities and results. Every year it instructs three thousand young men and women. For myself, I try to keep the building in good shape. I was looking at my books to-day, and I find that I have spent on it $130,000 in the last two years."

—Jules Breton's very beautiful landscape with figures, "Evening in the Hamlets of Finistère," which was a star picture at the last Salon, and received unusual attention from the press, is now on exhibition at the Avery Art Rooms. Mr. Avery has collected in an interesting little pamphlet more than one hundred French criticisms on this notable work.

—George Augustus Sala, who was educated at a public school in France, recalls his experience of forty-three years ago without enthusiasm: "There was too little recreation; the boys' brains were wearied by tasks of inordinate length. They scarcely knew how to play; when I was twelve I did not know how to drive a hoop. The food was poor. The hours of work were too long. The inspectors were bullies, and the sub-ushers spies, and there was little sympathy between the masters and their scholars."

—Having been presented with the freedom of the city of Glasgow, Mr. John Bright said: "I read a letter a few weeks ago from a friend of mine, a very eminent citizen of the United States, who has filled very high offices there, telling me that in the United States they are endeavoring to emancipate and elevate their politics. What he meant was this, that they were endeavoring to cure the gross evils connected with the appointments in the civil service, and to withdraw their legislation in regard to economic questions, taxes and trade, from the grasping hand of the monopolists, who, since the war, have had them so entirely in their own power. England also is endeavoring to emancipate and elevate her politics."

—The wife of a British manager of some Mexican mines, being asked after her return home how she liked the change from picturesque but dangerous Mexico to humdrum England, replied that the change was well enough, but that she missed her escort of lancers when she went out shopping.

—On the anniversary of the death of Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, the mausoleum at Windsor was opened for the "memorial visits" of the royal household and their families.

—Signor Madrazo, the director of the Madrid Gallery, has earned the gratitude of artists by recent alterations and improvements in the arrangements of that noble institution. He has lowered the "line," has isolated some of the pictures, and has put others in more favorable lights. The Spaniards, with some show of justice, call this gallery the finest in the world, and the modern art-student values it chiefly for the abundance and excellence of the portraits by Velasquez.

—General Joseph K. Barnes, lately Surgeon-General of the United States Army, died on the 25th ult., in Washington, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. His army service dated from June, 1840, when he was appointed an assistant surgeon. He served with distinction in the Mexican war, under Generals Taylor and Scott. At the outbreak of the war of the rebellion he was assigned to duty in the office of the Surgeon-General at Washington, and in 1863 was appointed Surgeon-General to succeed Dr. Hammond. He was placed on the retired list last year by the operation of the compulsory retirement law. General Barnes was the first physician called to the bedside of President Lincoln when he was assassinated, and when President Garfield was shot he served on the consulting board of physicians until the President's death. His portrait is given on page 228.

—It is expected that a performance of Gounod's *Redemption* will soon be given in Westminster Abbey in aid of the fund for restoring the façade of that venerable structure.

—The French ambassador to St. Petersburg is a brave sailor, but lacking in social tact. Recently, through inadvertence, he deprived the embassy ball of all gayety and animation by failing to invite the dancing men among the officers of the garrison. On another occasion, while at dinner in the Imperial Palace, he unluckily asked the Empress if she contemplated soon returning to Gatschina—the city whither she had fled for safety from the attacks of the Nihilists. French consuls say that their difficulties are greatly increased by social deficiency on the part of the ambassadors, especially by the marked taste of the latter for appearing in democratic circles.

—General Porfirio Diaz, Ex-President of Mexico, who is now visiting this country, and whose portrait is given on page 228, is one of the most energetic and sagacious statesmen of the day. His administration of affairs during his Presidency was marked by many judicious reforms. The purpose of his present visit is to effect closer commercial relations between the United States and his own country.

—An esteemed contemporary urges the establishment of a botanical garden in this city: "Apart from the scientific value of such a paradise open to the youths and maidens, who can doubt that the marriage rate would rapidly increase, keeping the parsons in cash, and stimulating the manufacture of plain gold rings?"

—Those attending the recent enthronization of the Archbishop of Canterbury were requested to wear lilies-of-the-valley in honor of Thomas à Becket; but in view of Mr. Froude's exposition of the true inwardness of that prelate, it has been suggested that tiger-lilies would have been more appropriate.

—John Hall, a potted-meat manufacturer in London, has been arrested for having five pieces of donkey-flesh for sale on his premises. Twenty-six tin cans, filled with partly boiled flesh of the same description, were also found there. John was sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

—A student in a Russian university insulted the president of the institution, and raised a disturbance generally. He was sentenced to spend three years in Siberia.

—At the Sunderland library sale an edition of the New Testament dated 1571 was sold for $170. Its title ran as follows: "The Gospels of the fower Evangelists translated in the old Saxons' tyme out of Latin into the Vulgare toung of the Saxons, newly collected out of ancient monuments of the said Saxons, and now published for testimony of the same."

—Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P., declares his conviction that though some persons in London are able to lay by money, the great majority—shop-keepers, professional men, and others—are struggling for existence, and have difficulty in providing for the education of their children, and in putting them out in life. The course of trade in the last few years had not permitted many people to increase their incomes. Trade had been stagnant, and in many cases retrograde.

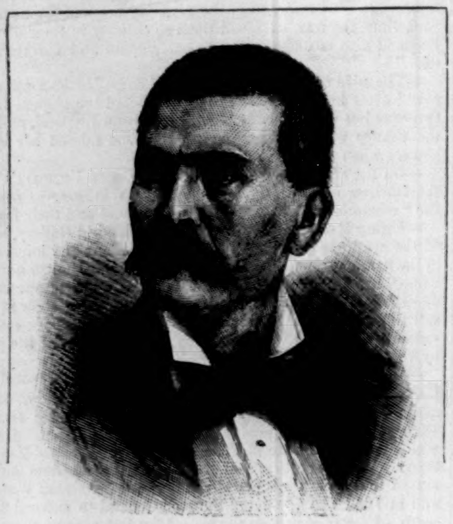
—Great destitution still prevails in the Western Highlands of Scotland. One hundred and twenty-five families at Ullapool are subsisting entirely on potatoes. More than two hundred families at Harris are in utmost want. From Skye, seven hundred and eighty-five families are reported to be in need of assistance; and from Lewis, more than twelve thousand persons in a state of extreme destitution. Sir W. Harcourt announced in Parliament that the Gladstone government would consider it a duty "to watch this distress carefully."

—The sword of John Hampden, who was mortally wounded while waving it to cheer on his men against Prince Rupert, has been sold at auction for about three hundred dollars. It is a rapier of finely tempered steel, thirty-eight inches long from the hand-plate, with a cross hilt and a scroll guard.

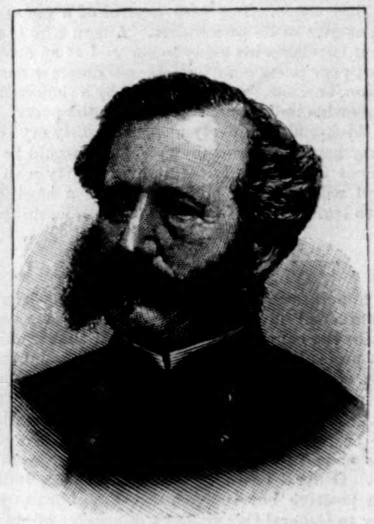
—Mr. John Nicol, Professor of English Literature in Glasgow University, speaks, in his book on *American Literature*, of Washington Irving as living "among the slopes of Sleepy Hollow, by which he built *his New England home*."

—The grand offense of parents, says Alexandre Dumas, lies in shirking the difficulties presented by the curiosity of children. He dwells upon the heinousness of the time-honored practice of lying to children. Children, he declares, are always old enough to receive correct answers to the questions they ask: "There is no such thing as a stupid child. A child may have a more or less prompt intelligence; it may develop special aptitudes or antipathies; but you will never hear it say a stupid thing as long as you have not deceived it, as long as you have not told it a lie."

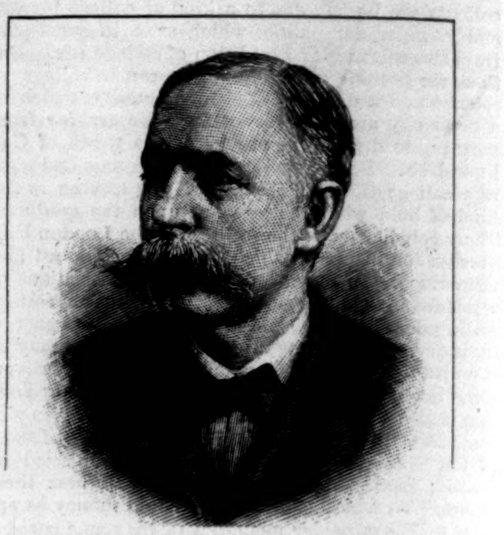
—At the trial of some prisoners of state in Vienna, one of the number, Only Peukert, a self-educated man, who had been working for the people in almost every country of Europe, was allowed to speak in his own defense. "I have been," he said, "for the last ten years in the workmen's movement, and have some education, which the prosecution make a reproach of. When I joined the movement the watchword was, 'Workmen, get educated; endeavor to rise to the level of the rest of society.' I have imbibed this principle. I have zealously studied. Scarcely had I arrived in Vienna when I was arrested. I have been in Austria fifteen months, and of these I have been imprisoned ten months. And what have I done? Nothing. If I have committed a culpable deed, I am ready to bear the consequences, and to undergo my punishment. But I ask for justice." He was acquitted.



PORFIRIO DIAZ, EX-PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.
[SEE PAGE 227.]



GENERAL JOSEPH K. BARNES, LATE SURGEON-GENERAL OF THE ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 227.]



THE HON. AUGUSTUS O. BOURN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF RHODE ISLAND.—[SEE PAGE 227.]

THE OLD JEFFERSON HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

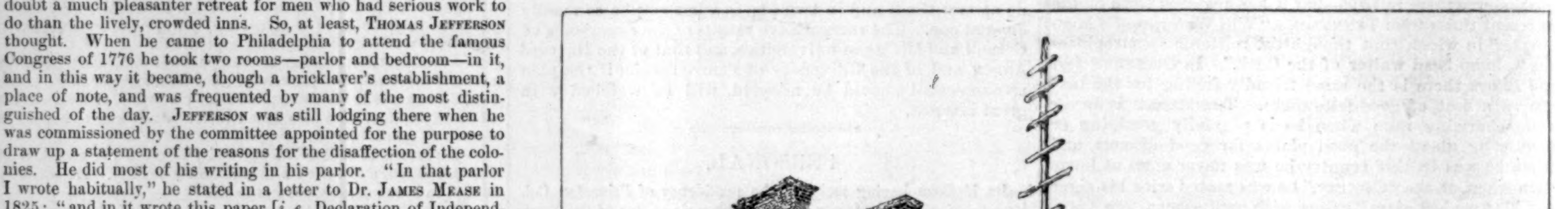
THE house in Philadelphia in which **THOMAS JEFFERSON** wrote the Declaration of Independence is at present attracting more attention than it has probably received since the time when **JEFFERSON** had lodgings in it. This is because, as usually happens to our old landmarks, it is to be sacrificed in order to make room for newer buildings better suited to the demands of increasing business in the neighborhood. So long as there was no immediate probability of its being destroyed, few gave it a thought.

The house thus brought into public notice stands at the corner of Seventh and Market streets. It is a plain, unpretending, four-story brick building, differing but little from the others on the same block. As the death of a once celebrated actor or actress long retired from the stage calls forth reminiscences of his or her early glory, so the threatened destruction of this old house suggests at once the days of its prosperity and greatness. In 1776 it was new; had just started life, as it were, like its then owner, one **GRAAF** by name, who had not been long married. He lived in troubled times, when, between the heavy taxation of the mother country on the one hand, and on the other the probability that a war of rebellion would make the second state of the country seven times worse than the first, the chances of money-making were not great. But **GRAAF**, it seems, was, like most Germans, a thrifty man, and understood the value of having two strings to one bow. Though a bricklayer by trade, he rented out rooms ready furnished. His house was then far up town. Few others had been built around it. It was away from noisy business centres, and was no doubt a much pleasanter retreat for men who had serious work to do than the lively, crowded inns. So, at least, **THOMAS JEFFERSON** thought. When he came to Philadelphia to attend the famous Congress of 1776 he took two rooms—parlor and bedroom—in it, and in this way it became, though a bricklayer's establishment, a place of note, and was frequented by many of the most distinguished of the day. **JEFFERSON** was still lodging there when he was commissioned by the committee appointed for the purpose to draw up a statement of the reasons for the disaffection of the colonies. He did most of his writing in his parlor. "In that parlor I wrote habitually," he stated in a letter to Dr. **JAMES MEASE** in 1825; "and in it wrote this paper [*i. e.*, Declaration of Independence] in particular." The house would probably have been forgotten had not **LAFAYETTE**, when he returned on a visit to the United States, awakened popular interest in places made sacred through association with the principal events of the Revolution. Philadelphians, fired by his example, exerted themselves to discover in which house so important a document had been prepared, and fortunately **JEFFERSON** was then alive to give the necessary information.

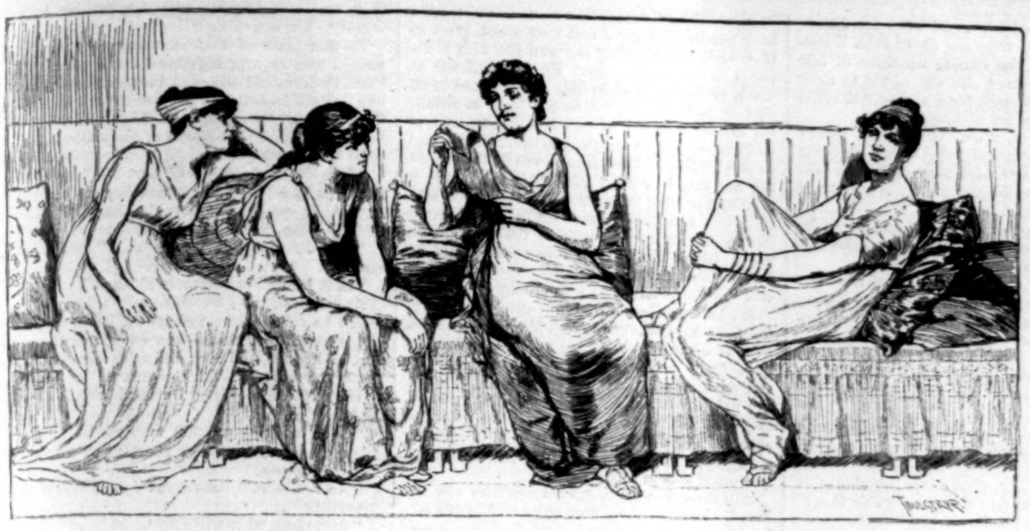
After his time a fourth story and a roof with dormer-windows were added to **GRAFF**'s house, and passing into other hands, it became an eminently respectable private residence. Then it was in its zenith. But the city grew, as cities in a new country have a way of doing. Market Street was made a strictly business street, and men of means or of any social standing moved their dwellings to more fashionable quarters. The house in question was, with the others, turned into a store. At present its ground-floor, the exterior of which is a favorite corner for theatre posters, is occupied by a dealer in trunks, satchels, etc. The upper floors are rented out to men of various trades and callings. From a door on Seventh Street a flight of stairs leads to that portion of the second story which was occupied by **JEFFERSON**, but it is to be hoped he never had to mount such narrow, dark, rickety, rat-haunted steps. What was once the great statesman's bed-chamber is now the office of a manufacturer of "fancy" advertisements. Sun-flowered, highly decorated announcements of "*Oscar Wilde's Poems*—price, ninety cents," lying cheek by jowl with painted overflowing beer mugs bearing the notice, "Cool Ale always on Draught," and large-lettered signs of "Free Lunch this Morning," have replaced bed and dressing-table. And to what use has the room once his parlor been put? Alas, that we should have to tell the tale! It has been made into a hall or passageway, and there by the window where perhaps he was wont to sit at his writing-desk a hatchway has been cut, and so—farewell to all its greatness!

It must be confessed that at first sight there is nothing to distinguish this house from those surrounding it, or to denote its age. On a little closer observation one notices the stone facings to the windows usually found in houses built about a century ago, and the old-fashioned dormer-windows in the roof. But in itself it is so far from being remarkable that we can understand why many antiquarians have had doubts as to its identity. The honor of having been **JEFFERSON**'s residence when he wrote the Declaration of Independence has been at different times assigned to the house next it on Market Street, and to the small one just back of it on Seventh Street. The general appearance of the latter is much more striking, and more like that of a house with a history, and as it has for a number of years been known as the Jefferson House, or Wigwam, it has misled many "old-house hunters." However, the claims of the building at the corner have been firmly established, and those interested to know the *pros* and *cons* in this dispute may be referred to the chapter on the subject in **WESTCOTT**'s *Historic Mansions of Philadelphia*. The necessity for pulling down this house is to be regretted. The interest attached to it is not of a local but of a national character. The corner of Seventh and Market streets may possibly be improved in appearance by a new building, but the removal of the old one is a loss to the whole country.

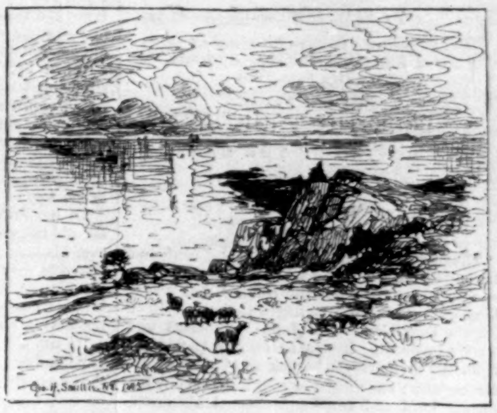
ELIZABETH ROBINS.



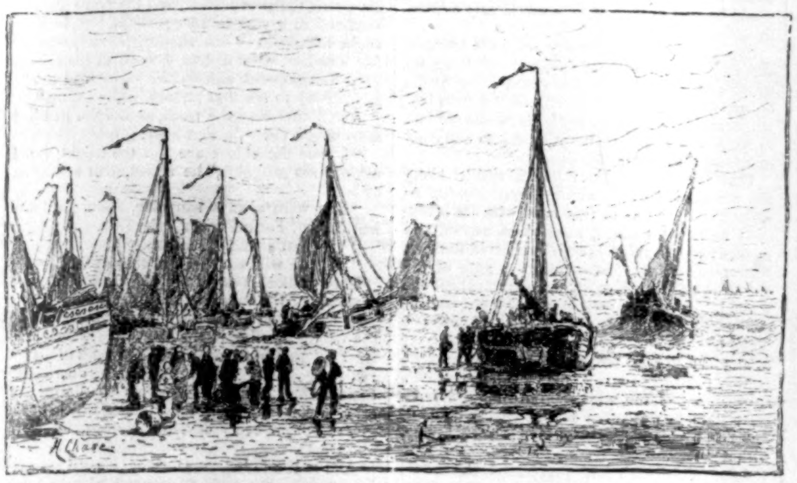
HOUSE IN WHICH JEFFERSON WROTE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, SEVENTH AND MARKET STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.



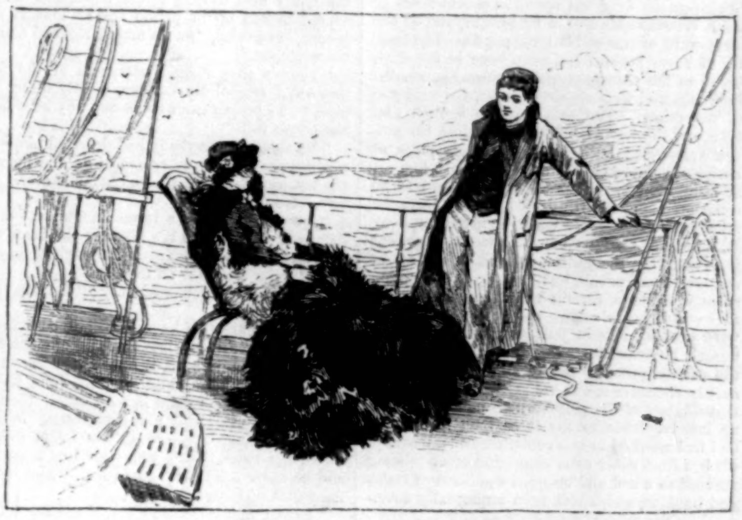
"THE STORY OF ŒNONE."—F. D. Millet.



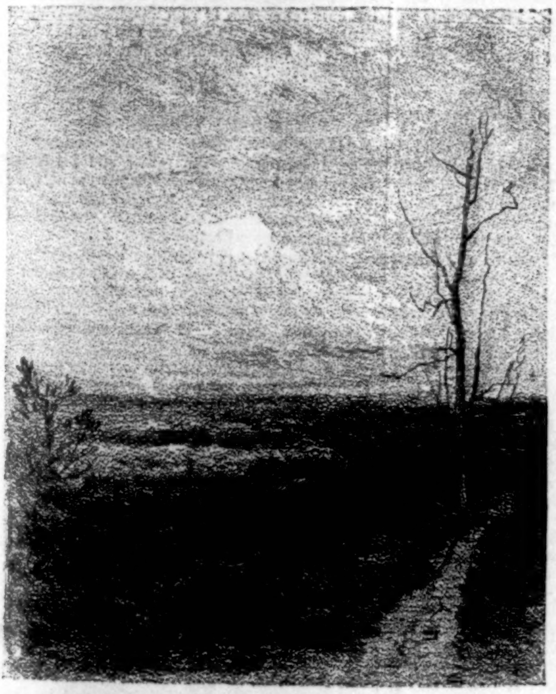
"MASSACHUSETTS COAST."—George H. Smillie.



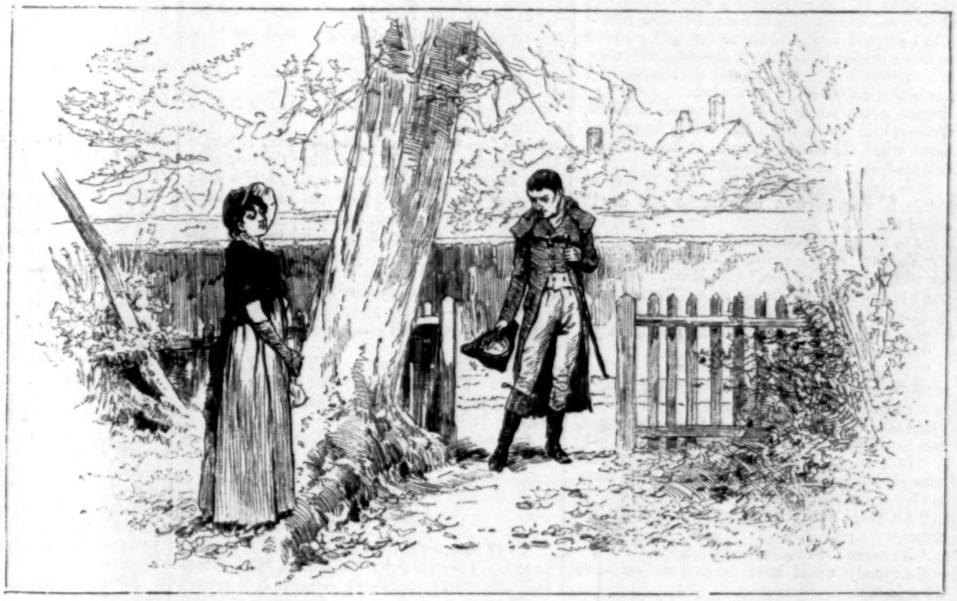
"HERRING BOATS PREPARING FOR SEA, SCHEVENINGEN, HOLLAND."—H. Chase.



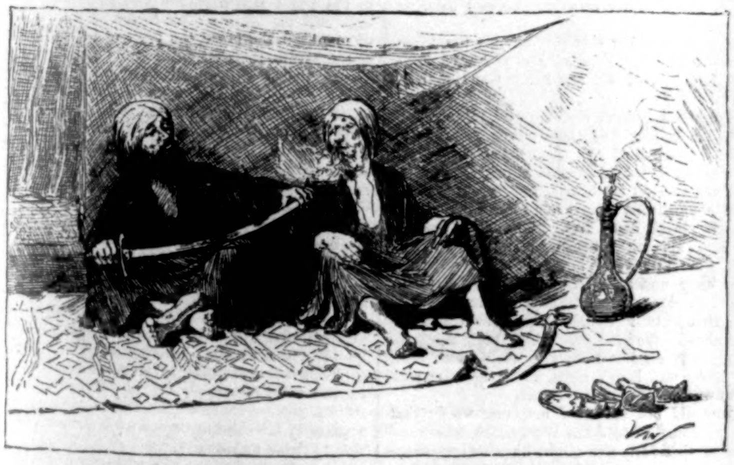
"EN VOYAGE."—Percy Moran.



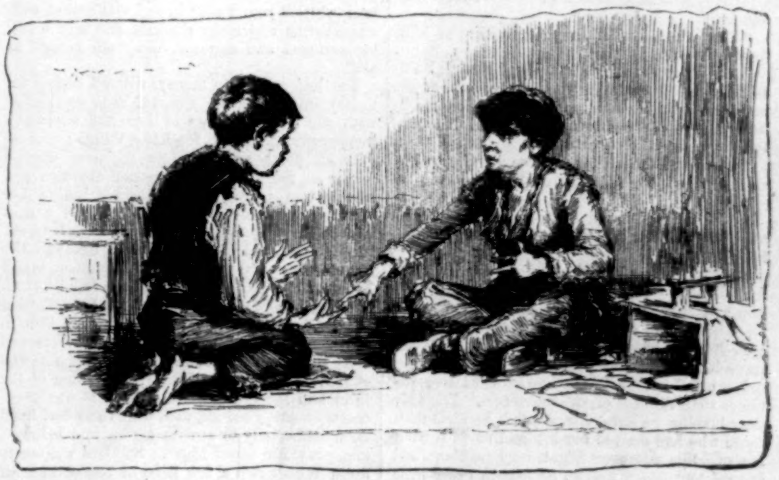
"ANYWHITHER."—A. H. Wyant.



"IN THE GARDEN."—C. S. Reinhart.



"TURKISH IDLERS."—S. W. Van Schaick.



"MORA-PLAYERS."—F. Dielman.

SKETCHES FROM THE NEW YORK NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.[*]

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Coward Conscience,"
"Little Kate Kirby," "Poor Humanity,"
"For Her Sake," etc.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE MOVING OF THE HANDS.

CHAPTER IX.

UNSETTLED.

There was more news to excite and confound the intelligence of honest Lincolnshire when it was spread throughout the country that young Gregory Dorward had confessed to the murder of Morris Brake, and that John Woodhatch was wholly innocent. It was as everybody thought from the first, everybody took the liberty of asserting now; and those few who had stood by the farmer hard and fast—and cheered his heart, after all, by the assertion of their faith in him—had extra reason to take credit for the clearness of their views.

Still, the law's delay—which is proverbial and Shakspearean—did not open the prison doors of John Woodhatch's cell in an instant, and on the mere word of one of his farm pupils. The master of Farm Forlorn had been seen in the dark night on the sea-shore, with Reuben Fladge, disinterring, and then sinking deeper, the evidence of the crime. The past rose up against him even, and the last act of his life, before his sudden arrest, had been a very desperate piece of business, verging closely on a further crime, or, at least, akin to madness. All this had to be considered, and the truth to be sifted from the false, before the order could be given for John Woodhatch's release; but John was very patient now, and very thoughtful, marvelling at last at the love some people had for him. The prison rules were, to a certain extent, relaxed in his favor, it being thought that mere formalities were keeping him in jail; and Reuben Fladge, though he took no more long walks, and with the excited prospect before him of his master's speedy restoration, was relieved from that rigid surveillance of the police which had been more an inconvenience to the force than to himself, and had resulted in one constable being borne to his bed from sheer exhaustion, and another being reduced to a sad and crippled condition of corns and bunions, which had been abnormally developed by the most violent exercise.

Still, Reuben Fladge could afford to be patient with the rest, and he looked the very personification of patience, standing day and night before the doors of the jail, waiting for the master; always waiting for him to come forth, as people said he would soon, and never for half an hour together absent from the place—a faithful servant, forever on the watch, and disregardful of the health and strength he wasted.

Once a tall young woman, dressed in black, touched him on the arm and asked if he remembered her. He looked askance at her and nodded his head.

"Oh yes, of course I do."

"Is it wise to wait here night and day?" asked Kitty.

"I'm afraid of losing him."

"You are very faithful, Fladge, and the master will be proud of you," said Kitty, "but it is not wise to watch so closely thus. To-day, now, he can not possibly come."

"Oh, you don't know," said Fladge, doggedly.

"I think I do."

"He may come out of those doors at any moment," remarked Fladge; "that's where it is."

"You will be glad to see him?"

Reuben nodded. It was a foolish question, and hardly worthy of a nod. Glad to see him!

"I—I hope," said Kitty, timidly, "that with your gladness you will be presently a little sorry for my Greg."

"Ah, yes, I s'pose I may be," was the careless answer.

"He saves the master," added Kitty.

"Anybody would have done that," muttered Fladge.

"Ah, no, Reuben," said Kitty, shaking her head; "the man repentant and anxious to take the sin upon himself is scarcer than you think."

"Do you think *I* wouldn't?" cried Fladge, indignantly.

"Yes, you might," she replied, looking at him thoughtfully.

"And more than that," continued Fladge, "I'd a-said I killed the man whether I'd done it or not—if I could have got anybody to believe me," he added, with a sigh over the general distrustfulness of his fellow-creatures.

"You loved the master—and so did Greg, with all his faults, poor fellow," said Kitty.

"Ay."

"We will wish happiness to John Woodhatch, at all events," she said as she moved away, "and it is justice."

Reuben Fladge looked after her wonderingly, as after some one who had talked too much to him and disturbed him; then he took an apple from his pocket and munched it slowly, with his eyes fixed upon the prison gates. And so we leave him—a man with one idea.

Meanwhile Lucy Brake had evinced less patience than the rest of our characters. The only poor heroine we have, she was less heroical than those who had marred her life and made it what it was. She was even fidgety, and petulant, and inconsistent, like a woman crossed in every little wish or in every big, secret hope; she was unlike herself, and yet a very woman! She regretted twenty times a day she had not gone to Lincoln, that she had altered her mind when the clouds were breaking away from the life of John Woodhatch; as if, with the coming sunshine of fair fame and honor cleared, she was afraid to meet him—as she was, though for a reason she could not explain and did not care to analyze.

When her father, with little Morice, almost strong and well, returned from Paris—an event which occurred a few days afterward—she was only better for a while, and while the novelty of their arrival was upon her.

After that she was again fretful and eccentric, irritated—justly, perhaps—against the difficulties in the way of John Woodhatch's release.

To her father's stories of his Paris incidents she did not even profess to listen, but sat staring over his head when he had finished, and with her thoughts very far away.

"It's not much good talking to ye, Lucy," he said on one occasion, "for ye won't leesten the least bit in the warld."

"I can't."

"I've been telling ye that all's fair sailing with the prarperty, and it will be all settled in a moonth or two, without our taking any further trooble aboot it; and— Lucy, what *are* ye thinking of, in the Lard's name, to pull that meeserable face?" he exclaimed, very petulantly himself, at last.

"I am miserable. Why is nothing done—with the guilty man owning to the crime, and the innocent locked up in prison still? This is not justice," she cried, "and it angers me, and makes me wretched."

"There's that stoopid beseeness of the fire, they say," replied Mr. Larcom, quietly filling his pipe, "and people can't make out why he should have doon it."

"He thought everybody had deserted him—he was disappointed in every one of us, and he was not his own firm self that night," she said. "I understand it all."

"I understand he's a terreeble temper, for all the good in him, and it's a marcy the farm was his own freehold and uninsured, though he mayn't get off quite clear, for all that."

"Not get off!" exclaimed Lucy; "oh! don't say that."

"It's clear arson, if he owns he burned it down, I'm thinking," said Mr. Larcom; "and though he's done no one any harm, it was a vary mad proceeding. And yet a child can turn John Woodhatch, who is like a child in most things, trusting too much in everybody and everything. Which is a bad failing, Lucy—as I've told him twanty times, and twice twanty times, for that matter—and he never a bit the better for it. And here's the result of it, ye see."

"I see nothing but that you are losing time," cried Lucy, sharply, "and neglecting your duty as a friend."

"What—what's that ye say?" exclaimed Mr. Larcom, in a loud voice.

"Is he not your friend?" said Lucy; "has he not always been, father, the best friend you have ever had?"

"Wall, I canfess that."

"Then you are not acting like a friend by idling here at home," she cried. "Your duty is at Lincoln, using every means and every effort to set him free from these cobwebs which entangle him; sparing no money, employing the best men everywhere to fight his cause and get him out; doing everything in your power, as he would have done, you know too well, for you."

"Blass and save us all!" ejaculated Mr. Larcom.

"I am a woman and helpless," she cried, "and the time hangs back so cruelly!"

Mr. Larcom put his pipe on the mantel-piece, buttoned his coat, and thrust his rusty hat on his head.

"Ye're right," he said. "I'll go, if I post all the way. Ye're not often right, mind ye, Lucy; but this time—just for a change—I think ye are."

And, after that remark, Mr. Larcom started on his journey.

CHAPTER X.

AMONGST THE RUINS.

What had turned Lucy Brake's thoughts so completely toward John Woodhatch, his fortunes and misfortunes, is difficult to say. It is always a difficult task to account for the vagaries of the sex, the satirist assures us. Certainly there had been a whirl of events of late days in the life of the Methodist parson's daughter, and she had been whirled round with it, and confronted with stern truths and many changes, and might still be confused and agitated, and "not herself at all."

She had come into money, without caring for money in any degree; she had been confronted with the scathing news of her late husband's love, or professed love, for Kitty Vanch; and regret his death as she might, the hero was no longer on the pedestal where her devotion and sorrow had placed him. Forever before her was the uncomfortable thought of how a man so feeble or impressionable would have behaved through life, had life been spared him, and the certain assurance that much unhappiness would have come in its time to dispel the fair illusions she had had of his character and his affection for her. And then, before she had had time to consider this, and mourn for this, there followed Miss Brake's death, John Woodhatch's farewell of her, the journey to Paris, the burning of the farm, and the arrest for murder. It was unnecessary haste, after all, with which she had hastened home, only to remain supine and helpless, and pray for better times. She had written to John Woodhatch a few lines of consolation—if words from her could convey any consolation, she thought, very humbly now—and there had come an answer back in a line or two of thanks, no more, as though he had not the wish to write, and yet had felt compelled to answer her.

His troubles distressed her more than she could have possibly imagined that they would, great as they were, and affecting her own life with his—pages in the same story. He had suffered so much, he had been so terribly disappointed in all that he had schemed for, he had been so unselfish amidst a crowd of people thinking only of themselves, and, at last, he had been, poor John! so desperately reckless, that it was doubtful how the law would consider his last act. Would it even believe Greg Dorward's confession to be anything else save another mad fellow's freak—that insane craving for a notice in the newspapers which besets the British mind, and would be rather connected with a murder case than forever "out of print," and thus cruelly ignored?

Mr. Larcom disappeared into space, as it were, for Lucy heard no more from him. He did not write to his daughter—it had not entered into his mind to be "bothered" by any correspondence; and so Lucy was left to distress herself, which she did very successfully, as to the progress of events at Lincoln, where were all the principal characters of the tragedy—if it were to end like a tragedy, and as the cruel delay and uncertainty seemed almost to warrant.

Still there was hope, more hope than she believed. The neighbors were quite certain of a satisfactory result, so far as John Woodhatch was concerned; the newspapers were as "cock-sure" about it as newspapers generally are; and all would be well in time, if time would only move a little faster!

She would wait another day and go to Lincoln, she thought. One more day, and receiving no missive from her father, she would leave Skegs Shore again. She must be one of the principal witnesses in the case, having been almost the last to see Morris Brake alive. Why did no one communicate with her in this crisis?

That day she and little Morice walked along the sands to Farm Forlorn—never looking so forlorn and grim as in that hour, with its blackened walls, its roofless, windowless aspect, and its great gaps to the sky; with its charred timbers, still stretching intact from side to side of the old farm, and its *débris* of ruin strewn about the ground. A terrible wreck, a still more terrible monument of man's despair and passion; a black blot upon a fair, green landscape for Lucy to shudder at that early autumn day, with little Morice cowering in the folds of her mother's skirts. A blot, too, upon the fair life of its owner, to show he was very weak and—very human.

"Yes, this is Farm Forlorn indeed," said Lucy, with a sigh.

John Woodhatch had prophesied she would never come back to it, and she had smiled a little at his prognostication, knowing so much better than he that he was in the wrong. But it was all stern truth, and there was no return, only to the wreck—the grim witness of where the farm had stood, and how the hopes had shrivelled up with its destruction.

There were tears swimming in Lucy's eyes as she gazed at the ruin; the ruin of one man's life seemed to be marked by it, too, and she, at least, could have altered it by a word. And if that word had been spoken, what would have been the end of it to him or her? Surely something more full of promise than the utter collapse of one honest home, one earnest life.

She walked with Morice into the garden, where she had talked with John Woodhatch a few minutes before she went away, and where he spoke in riddles to her, and looked at her with his grave face the while. Here there was but little change, the neighbors' children having spared it, and more than one neighbor's hand having kindly helped to keep it bright and trim for the sake of the master who might come back at any moment now—for who could tell?

Who could tell, indeed? For suddenly through the gate, across the fields, there came John Woodhatch, with his old quick strides, toward her—the same man whom she had ever known, with his frank, clear face aglow with health and hope, despite the shade of sorrow in it—a sorrow, as it were, for others suffering for his sake, and who had taken his place, so that he might go free. A noble return even in a criminal, and a poor penitent like Greg Dorward, of whom there should be surely hope some day.

John Woodhatch's sudden appearance was too much for the overwrought feelings of Lucy Brake; she had not thought to find him there, she had not believed he was at liberty and at Skegs Shore again, and she burst into tears and ran toward him—stopping before she reached him, in alarm at her own impulse, and coloring very much.

But he was at her side very quickly too, when she sobbed forth, "I am so glad you have come back, John! I—I did not think you would be here so soon."

"There, there, don't cry," he said, taking both her hands in his; "you have never been one to shed tears—even of joy. And if it *is* joy—"

"Yes—it is," she confessed at once.

"Then surely I am happy."

He stooped and kissed her forehead, and she did not shrink away from him. That was all the love-making between them then, and for some time afterward, but from that very moment they understood each other better than they had done in all their lives, and neither from that instant of their meeting surveyed the land ahead—the land over which their track together was yet but faintly marked—with dull, sad looks and heavy sighs, as though the sunshine was never more for either.

They did not speak of love one word; that was to come when John Woodhatch was more assured that forty-five might be a fitting match for three-and-twenty, taking the entire facts into consideration, and remembering how patiently he had waited for her, and in all his life had cared for no one else; when Lucy was disposed, too, to see the happiness beyond the present time, and link her life with his, making both bright to the end of their days.

In this time of their meeting they simply walked arm in arm together in the garden of Farm Forlorn, and talked of the past and future, like two old friends who had had never a thought of parting between them. They spoke of the one wild act of John Woodhatch at Skegs Shore, and what would come of it.

"I don't think they will hurt me," said the farmer, with a smile, "as I have hurt no one but myself. I was very miserable that night, and awfully alone. But it was rash."

"Yes, John, it *was* a little rash," said Lucy, quaintly.

"Still, I may hear no more about it."

And he did not; and presently a new farm, which he called Farm Felicity—a happy augury of his new life to come—was erected on the old site, and peace and love and faith became presently the household fairies there.

They spoke of Greg Dorward also, and of Kitty.

"Your teaching was not wholly in vain," said Lucy, "when they would not let you come to harm, those two."

"No, not in vain," answered John Woodhatch, thoughtfully.

"And Greg, what will they do to him?"

"They will give him a light sentence for manslaughter, the lawyers think; they will consider his youth, the provocation, and his frank confession, and in a year or two, perhaps less, he may begin life again—life abroad, possibly—under fair auspices, with a true wo[illegible] at his side to keep him hopeful, and on the right road to the end. I try to see that picture in the future."

And it was near the truth, as if John had had a prophet's vision in that hour.

"I hope the colors are not too bright, and I am not too sanguine," he added, with a reserve, at last.

"You were always sanguine, John, until the last days of Farm Forlorn," she said.

"Yes, that's true. And then?"

"Ah! we will not speak of that again."

They walked away from the farm, and once more along the sands, to the broad, shining sea; they went from the garden of Farm Forlorn to the village nestling in the shadow of the church, from the ruin of a home, and the record of a rash act, to the Methodist's little cottage, where Alec Larcom waited for them—from the despair of ever doing any good, to the hopes which would grow stronger every day, and blossom into love and trust.

And in the far distance, and at a most respectful distance, but with their watchful eyes upon one figure always—lest it should melt away as in a dream, and this should not be reality after all, but only fancy born of vain imaginings—trudged Reuben Fladge and Carlo, the two who had been faithful to him when all the rest had seemed to turn away.

Only seemed! For John Woodhatch had been a man of many fancies, and it had been pure fancy that his friends had failed him.

"If you had asked me to remain and be your wife, John, on that day father and I left the farm," said Lucy, some months afterward, when he had asked in earnest, and she had answered Yes, "I should not have said No. And I—I thought you would before I went away."

"It was a thought you kept wonderfully well to yourself," he replied, with a hearty laugh—and as men can laugh at past trouble always—"but then I do not profess to understand human nature now, especially feminine nature, and—especially Lucy Brake!"

But they understood each other very well, and knew that there was as fair sailing in life's stream before them as on the broad deep sea at which they gazed, and where the distant ships, with their great white wings outspread, passed slowly to their journey's end.

THE END.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER.

By PROFESSOR W. G. SUMNER.

VIII.

THAT WE MUST HAVE FEW MEN IF WE WANT STRONG MEN.

Taking men as they have been and are, they are subjects of passion, emotion, and instinct. Only the *élite* of the race has yet been raised to the point where reason and conscience can even curb the lower motive forces. For the mass of mankind, therefore, the price of better things is too severe, for that price can be summed up in one word—self-control. The consequence is that for all but a few of us the limit of attainment in life in the best case is to live out our term, to pay our debts, to place three or four children in a position to support themselves in a position as good as the father's was, and there to make the account balance.

Since we must all live, in the civilized organization of society, on the existing capital, and since those who have only come out even have not accumulated any of the capital, have no claim to own it, and can not leave it to their children, and since those who own land have parted with their capital for it, which capital has passed back through other hands into industrial employment, how is a man who has inherited neither land nor capital to secure a living? He must give his productive energy to apply capital to land for the further production of wealth, and he must secure a share in the existing capital by a contract relation to those who own it.

Undoubtedly the man who possesses capital has a great advantage over the man who has no capital in all the struggle for existence. Think of two men who want to lift a weight, one of whom has a lever, and the other must apply his hands directly; think of two men tilling the soil, one of whom uses his hands or a stick, while the other has a horse and a plough; think of two men in conflict with a wild animal, one of whom has only a stick or a stone, while the other has a repeating rifle; think of two men who are sick, one of whom can travel, command medical skill, get space, light, air, and water, while the other lacks all these things. This does not mean that one man has an advantage *against* the other, but that, when they are rivals in the effort to get the means of subsistence from nature, the one who has capital has immeasurable advantages over the other. If it were not so, capital would not be formed. Capital is only formed by self-denial, and if the possession of it did not secure advantages and superiorities of a high order, men would never submit to what is necessary to get it. The first accumulation costs by far the most, and the rate of increase by profits at first seems pitiful. Among the metaphors which partially illustrate capital, all of which, however, are imperfect and inadequate, the snow-ball is useful to show some facts about capital. Its first accumulation is slow, but, as it proceeds, the accumulation becomes rapid in a high ratio, and the element of self-denial declines. This fact also is favorable to the accumulation of capital, for if the self-denial continued to be as great per unit when the accumulation had become great, there would speedily come a point at which further accumulation would not pay. The man who has capital has secured his future, won leisure which he can employ in winning secondary objects of necessity and advantage, and emancipated himself from those things in life which are gross and belittling. The possession of capital is therefore an indispensable prerequisite of educational, scientific, and moral goods. This is not saying that a man in the narrowest circumstances may not be a good man. It is saying that the extension and elevation of all the moral and metaphysical interests of the race are conditioned on that extension of civilization of which capital is the prerequisite, and that he who has capital can participate in and move along with the highest developments of his time. Hence it appears that the man who has his self-denial before him, however good may be his intention, can not be as the man who has his self-denial behind him. Some seem to think that this is very unjust, but they get their notions of justice from some occult source of inspiration, not from observing the facts of this world as it has been made and exists.

---

[*] Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1346.

The maxim or injunction to which a study of capital leads us is, Get capital. In a community where the standard of living is high, and the conditions of production are favorable, there is a wide margin within which an individual may practice self-denial and win capital without suffering, if he has not the charge of a family. That it requires energy, courage, perseverance, and prudence is not to be denied. Any one who believes that any good thing on this earth can be got without those virtues may believe in the philosopher's stone or the fountain of youth. If there were any Utopia, its inhabitants would certainly be very insipid and characterless.

Those who have neither capital nor land unquestionably have a closer class interest than landlords or capitalists. If one of those who are in either of the latter classes is a spendthrift he loses his advantage. If the non-capitalists increase their numbers, they surrender themselves into the hands of the landlords and capitalists. They compete with each other for food until they run up the rent of land, and they compete with each other for wages until they give the capitalist a great amount of productive energy for a given amount of capital. If some of them are economical and prudent in the midst of a class which saves nothing and marries early, the few prudent suffer for the folly of the rest, since they can only get current rates of wages; and if these are low, the margin out of which to make savings by special personal effort is narrow. No instance has yet been seen of a society composed of a class of great capitalists and a class of laborers who had fallen into a caste of permanent drudges. Probably no such thing is possible so long as landlords especially remain as a third class, and so long as society continues to develop strong classes of merchants, financiers, professional men, and other classes. If it were conceivable that non-capitalist laborers should give up struggling to become capitalists, should give way to vulgar enjoyments and passions, should recklessly increase their numbers, and should become a permanent caste, they might with some justice be called proletarians. The name has been adopted by some professed labor leaders, but it really should be considered insulting. If there were such a proletariat it would be hopelessly in the hands of a body of plutocratic capitalists, and a society so organized would no doubt be far worse than a society composed of nobles and serfs, which is the worst society the world has seen in modern times.

At every turn, therefore, it appears that the number of men and the quality of men limit each other, and that the question whether we shall have more men or better men is of most importance to the class which has neither land nor capital.

The discussion of "the relations of labor and capital" has not hitherto been very fruitful. It has been confused by ambiguous definitions. Labor means toil, irksome exertion, expenditure of productive energy, but it is also used, by a figure of speech, to mean those persons who, having neither capital nor land, come into the industrial organization offering productive services in exchange for means of subsistence, and who are united by a community of interest. Capital is a product of labor employed to assist production, but the word is also used, by a figure of speech, for those persons who possess capital, and who come into the industrial organization to get their living by employing capital for profit. In order to accomplish this purpose they need the productive services of laborers. Laborers and capitalists are the terms which we will always use when we mean the persons. These two classes make contracts on the best terms which they can agree upon, like buyers and sellers, renters and hirers, borrowers and lenders. Their relations are therefore controlled by the universal law of supply and demand. The capitalist-employer assumes the direction of the business, and takes all the risk, for the capital must be consumed in the industrial process, and whether it will be found again in the product or not depends upon the good judgment and foresight with which the capital and labor have been applied. Under the wages system the employer and the laborer contract for time. The laborer fulfills the contract if he obeys orders during the time, and treats the capital as he is told to treat it. Hence he is free from all responsibility, risk, and speculation. That this is the most advantageous arrangement for him, on the whole and in the great majority of cases, is very certain. Salaried men and wage receivers are in precisely the same circumstances, except that the former by custom and usage are those who have special skill or training, which is almost always an investment of capital, and which narrows the range of competition in their case. Physicians, lawyers, and others paid by fees are workers by the piece. To the capital in existence all must come for their subsistence and their tools.

It is a common assertion that the interests of capitalists and laborers are identical, that they are partners in an enterprise, etc. These sayings spring from a disposition, which may often be noticed, to find consoling and encouraging observations in the facts of sociology, and to refute if possible any unpleasant observations. If we try to learn what is true, we shall both do what is alone right, and we shall do the best for ourselves in the end. The interests of laborers and capitalists as parties to a contract are antagonistic in certain respects and united in others, as is the case wherever supply and demand operate. If John gives cloth to James in exchange for wheat, John's interest is that cloth be good and attractive but not plentiful, but that wheat be good and plentiful; James's interest is that wheat be good and attractive but not plentiful, but that cloth be good and plentiful. All men have a common interest that all things be good, and that all things but the one which each produces be plentiful. The capitalist is interested that capital be good but rare, and productive energy good and plentiful; the laborer is interested that capital be good and plentiful, but that productive energy be good and rare. When one man alone can do a service, and he can do it very well, he represents the laborer's ideal. To say that laborers and capitalists are partners in an enterprise is only a delusive figure of speech. It is plainly based on no facts in the industrial system.

THE SOCIETY EXHIBITION.

The concert-pitch of the Sixth Annual Exhibition of the Society of American Artists is higher than that of any of its predecessors. This is the significant fact of the affair: it shows that the self-confidence of the exhibitors has increased. For in proportion as the tone of a representative oil-painting differentiates itself from the tone of a composition in black and white do the technical difficulties of the artist increase. He easily obtains the indispensable quality of tone when working in black and white; but he must use great skill to obtain it when endowing his canvas simultaneously with fullness of color and with fullness of light. Very few canvases—perhaps none at all—in the present exhibition can truthfully be said to be so endowed; yet the tendency of the display is unwontedly in that direction, and as a consequence the self-confidence of the artists is notable.

This self-confidence justifies itself by three phenomena of special interest to those who have watched the origin and growth of the Society of American Artists. First, the exhibitors appear at last to have got hold of the distinction between a picture and a mere sketch or study. Some of their best friends, who, because they were friends, refused to flatter them, were not slow to point out in several of the earlier exhibitions the virtual effacement of this distinction. "But we don't want 'finish,'" was the reply; "would you have the public put its nose close enough to a painting to smell it? Didn't Rembrandt himself say that the odor of paint was unwholesome?" "True enough," was the rejoinder; "but Rembrandt got atmosphere as well as masses and values, sentiment as well as decorativeness, delicacy as well as robustness, gradations as well as strength. And instead of trying to obtain color and tone simultaneously, he took his time about it, and escaped heaviness and blackness." These elementary facts have evidently become influential in studios where once they seemed strangers. Look at Mr. W. H. Chase's "Hackensack Landscape," the least conscious and otherwise also the most successful landscape in the exhibition, and this chiefly because lacking the heaviness and blackness that so stuck to some of his previous works. It is a picture, in the full sense of the term. It has delicacy of gradations—not, to be sure, to the extent that Wyant's profoundly luminous masterpiece in the north room of the National Academy has it, but still to a degree very considerable—and it has virility, vitality, certainty, snap; while the studio interior by the same artist is not only the best thing of the kind he has ever shown, but the best representative in the exhibition of a color scheme in still-life.

In the next place, the exhibitors, as a rule, have added to their vigor some charm. Vigor they have always had; charm they have seldom had; and if the reader desires an exemplification of what is meant by vigor without charm, let him recall Mr. Hubert Herkomer's series of oil portraits recently displayed in the Goupil Gallery. Take Mr. Wyatt Eaton's "Portrait of Mrs. S. de K." It has vigor and charm. The delicacy of the gradations, especially in the flesh, is masterly. Mr. Eaton has perhaps painted portraits a little nearer absolute perfection in ease of unconscious pose, and he could, if he chose, improve the effect of the *ensemble* by more attention to the flexibility of his sitter's fingers; but one feels that this portrait is so fine a thing that minute criticism of it may be unjust, the very littlenesses that are criticised being perhaps the consequences or concomitants of minor sacrifices made in order to secure a higher general result. The insight of this learned and resolute painter suggests genius; but it is not difficult to remember works of his that showed vigor without charm.

Still further, the exhibitors have succeeded more nearly than ever before in presenting Nature, not as the nomadic shepherd sees her, but as the artist feels her. There was so much in previous Society exhibitions that smacked of the nomadic shepherd. Let us not do injustice to the nomadic shepherd. The New York public is indebted to him for much innocent diversion. His terrible cañons and Yosemite precipices and impenitent mists at the National Academy, his Munich thatched roofs, and aerial smut, and tremendous belts of sunset at the American Art Gallery—have not a multitude of us been entertained by them? Of course we uninitiated laymen, we to whom the gods have denied the divine afflatus, the *feu sacré*, can see Nature as well as that ourselves. But since all art is a language, and the function of language is to express thoughts, we look to the artist to tell us something which we did not know before, to show us something which otherwise we might have passed by, to put Nature before us in the aspect in which she reveals herself to him, and because he can perform this high deed we respect him. In spite of several infelicities of pose and background — the work would be unexceptionably happy were it a quarter-length instead of a full-length—Mr. John S. Sargent's "Portrait of a Lady" in black, who holds a white rose in her extended left hand, exercises the choicest prerogatives of art. The nomadic shepherd never saw the face that Mr. Sargent has painted—its warm glow, its soft pliancy, its blithe movement.

This advance in the quality of the exhibition has been made in the teeth of several obstacles. Most of the exhibitors are young, and there are certain indispensable matters of technique and sentiment in which the young do not, because they can not, excel; for instance, the exact adjustment of the thickness of pigment required for the lights, and the thinness of pigment required for the shadows. A painter might live to be sixty and never discover it. Many painters, indeed, die first. Yet the lack of it is ever a grievous fault. Moreover, some of the exhibitors, for reasons not to be noted here, even if positively known, sent to the country while in Europe better pictures than they have since been able to paint, and thus discounted their reputation in order prematurely to draw upon their fame. Necessarily much time must be lost in overcoming this hinderance. Finally, the public, startled at first into talk about, if not into affection for, "the new style of painting" as promulgated by the Society of American Artists, has at length settled into an attitude of more or less indifference toward triumphs of the brush that are too easy. "Why, the girl pupils of these young masters," it said, "can paint as well as the young masters themselves," and along with the saying came the remembrance that the work which has survived the caprices of taste, and has lived in the admiration of hundreds of successive generations, was not easily done at all.

G. W. Sheldon.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In a coal mine in Dallas County, Iowa, at a distance of over a hundred feet below the surface of the earth, an image of the front part of a human head has been found. It is said that the nose, mouth, and forehead are so nearly perfect in their outlines as to preclude any belief other than that the image was made by human hands. The circumstances of the discovery are said to be such as to do away with any suspicions which might be entertained by persons familiar with the case of Brown, of Calaveras County, formerly of the South.

It is said that flower buds may be sent almost any distance without withering if the stems are inserted in holes bored in a potato. There is sufficient moisture in a good-sized potato, it is asserted, to keep flowers fresh for two weeks in a moderately cool temperature.

A course in electrical engineering has been established at Cornell University, and costly and extensive apparatus has been ordered. There is already a vast field for the utilization of knowledge such as the course is designed to impart, and the field promises to grow larger every year. The comparatively few persons who have kept up with the rapid progress that has been made of late in this department of knowledge are well paid. There is room for many more.

A certificate of death was presented in Chicago not long ago on which the attending physician had written his name, perhaps inadvertently, in the space left for "cause of death."

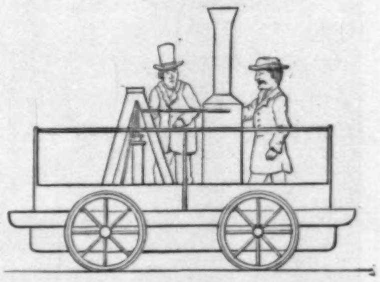
An interesting question was recently decided in a Paris court. M. Ménard, a bibliophile, had a French *Book of Hours*, which was of little value of itself, but there was a loose fly-leaf in it on which were the autographs of Louis XIV., Maria Theresa, and Bossuet. These he valued so highly that he insured the book for a thousand dollars. There was a fire in his library, and the fly-leaf of the book was destroyed, though the book itself was uninjured. The insurance company refused to pay the thousand dollars which M. Ménard demanded, declining to accept any responsibility for the "lost scrap of paper," and it won the suit which grew out of the disagreement.

The Western Union Telegraph Company, anticipating the enforcement of an ordinance adopted in Chicago requiring that the wires in that city be removed, has begun substituting aerial cables. It is estimated that not more than four cables will be required in any street, and it is proposed to string them to poles thirty-five feet above the pavement in such a way that they may be let down in case of fire. In each cable there will be eighteen copper conducting wires. Something similar to this arrangement may be seen in New York, where the cables from the North River are carried under the elevated railway structure at Dey Street and up to the roof of the Western Union Building. The skein of several cables gives variety but not picturesqueness to the darkness of wires that overhangs the street. If the Chicago Common Council consents to aerial cables as a compromise, the unsightly poles will remain, and it is probable that in time the number of cables will become almost as great as the number of single wires at present.

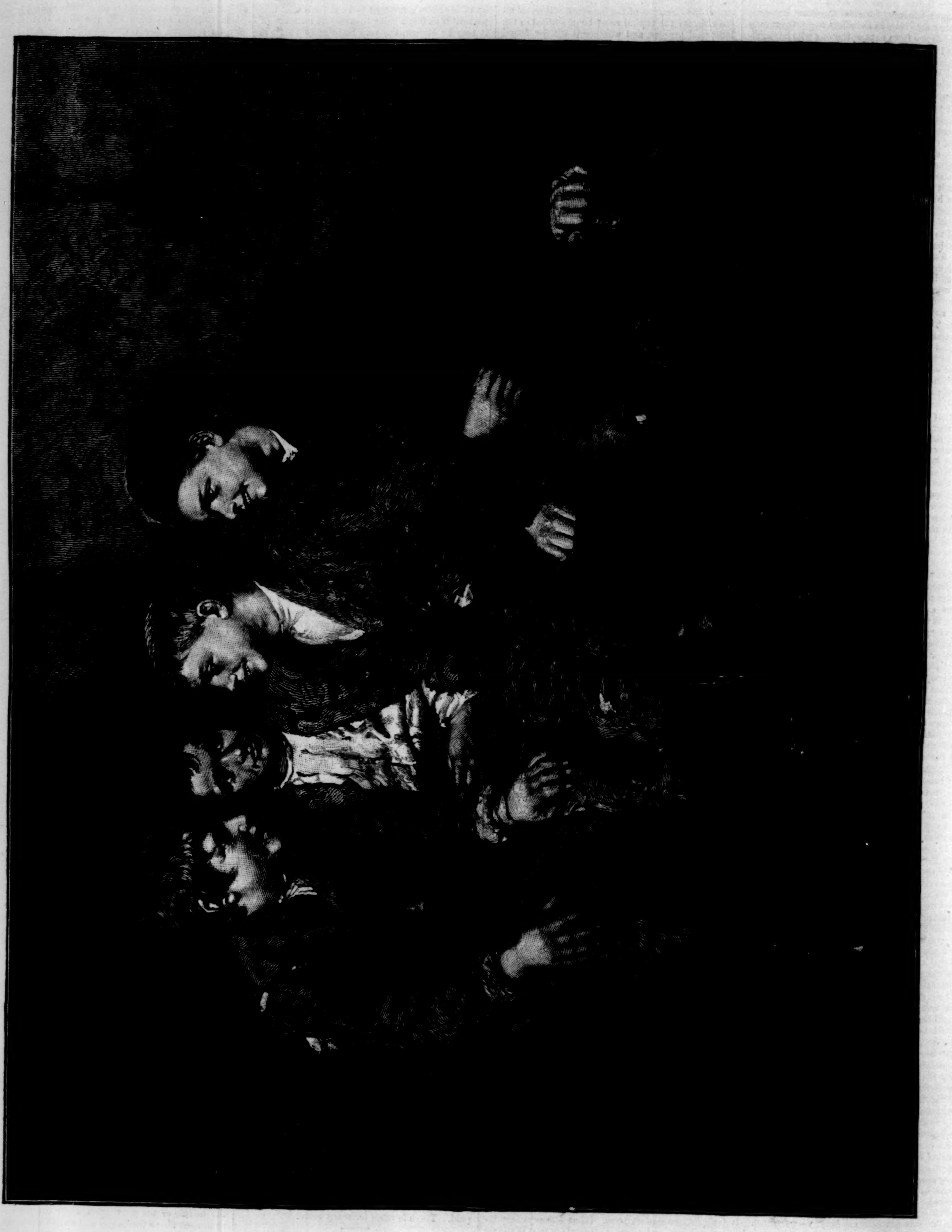
The last day of March was the one hundred and twenty-first day of continuous sleighing in Saratoga. On that day the fields around New York were white with snow, and in the interior of the State there was a prospect that the sleighing would last for weeks.

The engravings of the drawings by Mr. Smillie and Mr. Chase in this number of the Weekly are enlarged from illustrations from Charles M. Kurtz's *Illustrated Art Notes* upon the Academy Exhibition. This publication, now in its third year, contains a running commentary on the exhibition, and illustrations — mostly reproduced from drawings by the artists—of ninety specially selected pictures. It gives biographical sketches of the artists whose works are reproduced, and diagrams of the galleries, showing the positions of the pictures on the walls.

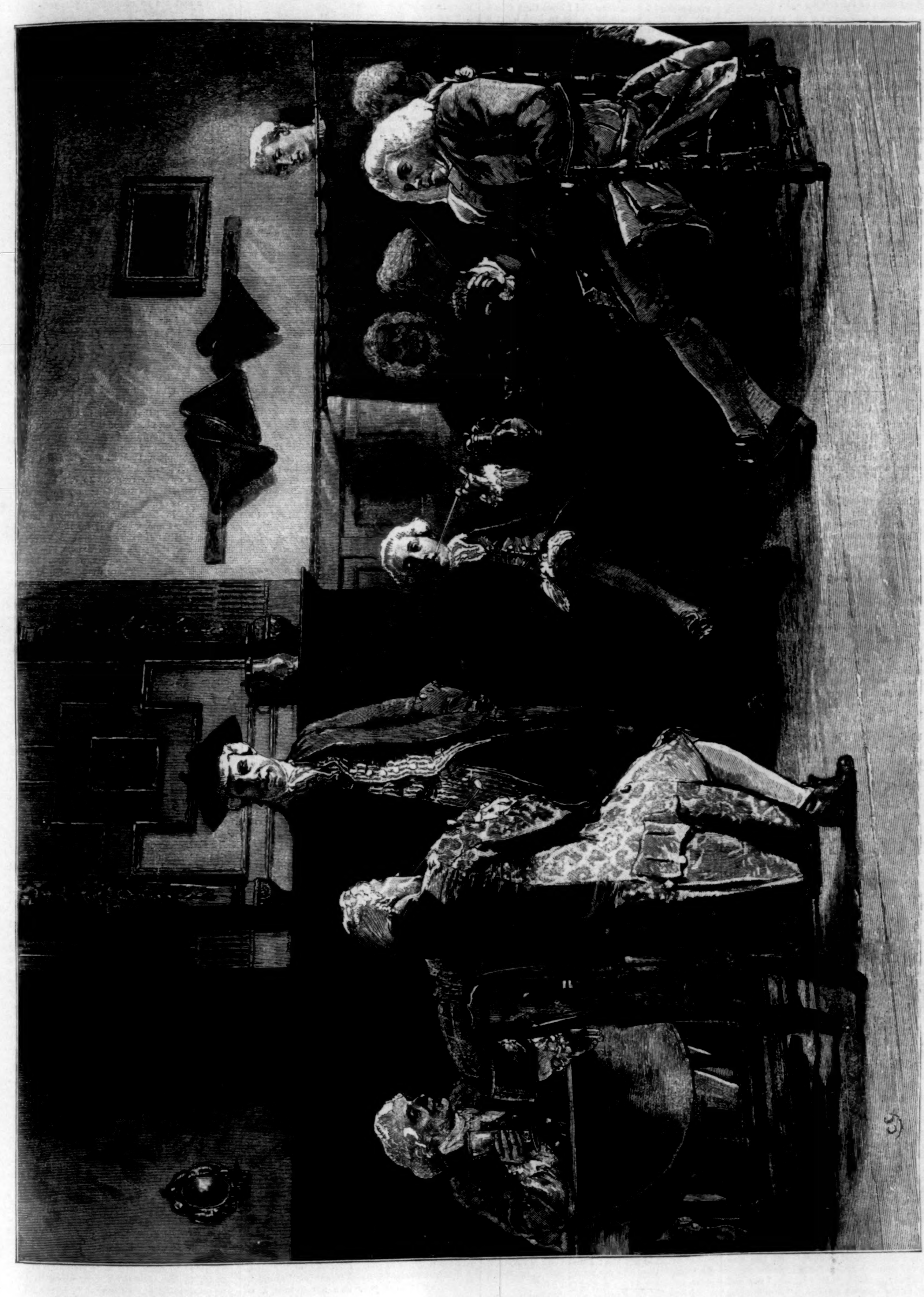
We copy from the *American Car Builder* the accompanying cut of the first locomotive constructed in America. It was built in 1829 by Peter Cooper, who at that time owned lands on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which had been constructed to be operated by horses. Believing that the value of the lands would be enhanced if the cars were run by a steam locomotive which could round the short curves of that road, Mr. Cooper built one which he called the "Tom Thumb." It had an upright boiler 20 inches in diameter by 5 feet high, fitted with gun-barrels for flues. It had a single cylinder 3¼ inches by 14¼ inches. The engine drove a large gear, which meshed into another smaller gear on the axle. The fire was urged by a fan driven by a belt. The driving-wheels were 2½ feet in diameter. The wheels were "coned," and this was the first use of this principle as applied to car wheels, and was suggested by Mr. Knight, chief-engineer of the road. On the 28th of August, 1830, the first railroad car in America propelled by a locomotive was tested on the Baltimore and Ohio road. The "Tom Thumb" was coupled to a car in front of it containing a load of 4½ tons, including twenty-four passengers. The trip of thirteen miles was made in 1¼ hours, the best time for a single mile being 3¼ minutes. The return trip was made in 57 minutes.



The East River Bridge was unexpectedly and informally opened to the public a few Sundays ago, under the immediate auspices of the small boys who had gathered at the New York end of the structure to peer through the picket fence at the long stretch of masonry and iron-work leading up to the central span. After the boys, by stealing past the solitary watchman, and leading him on hopeless chases up the incline, had brought him to a condition of despair, many grown persons improved the opportunity to obtain entrance to the bridge. They found a smooth walk of concrete up to the point where the masonry ends and the approach is suspended from the cables. From there to the beginning of the masonry on the Brooklyn side, nearly a mile, there was an even flooring of boards. Near the middle of the great span, where the promenade rises above the cables and cross-trusses, an interesting view of the expanse of city and of water was afforded. Though it was chilly in the streets where evaporation of the melting snow was going on, the air was delightfully mild about those who lingered on the great structure. It was dark before the police succeeded in clearing the bridge of the intruding small boys and the many grown persons who had innocently started to walk from city to city. The number of persons who were on the bridge in the course of the three or four hours has been estimated as high as ten thousand.



"THE CONFAB."—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.



THE COCK TAVERN, FLEET STREET, LONDON.—[See Page 227.]

AN APRIL WEDDING.

I'll never be friends with the swallows again.
In the April sun, in the April rain,
I will not watch
That I may catch
The dip and glint of their glancing flight
In the dewy dawn or the evening light.

They knew how it was with my love and me,
For they heard him whisper, "Good-by to thee";
They heard him say,
"Some April day
The swallows and I will come back to thee."
Here are the swallows, but where is he?

We shall not be friends, though they are my guests;
Though they twitter, and chatter, and build their nests
'Mid shadowing leaves
Under my eaves;
For they came alone, and they did not bring
The love of my heart and a golden ring.

It was rain and shine, it was dark and clear,
But her tender soul held a trembling fear,
And all was wrong—
The robin's song,
The primrose star, and the larches green—
Till a glad voice call'd her, "Helene! Helene!"

With a golden sun and a silver shower
Came the April joy of the wedding hour.
In earth or air
Now all is fair—
Blossom, and leaf, and the wild birds' strain—
Now she is friends with the swallows again.

"DISARMED!"

By MISS M. BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery,"
"Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob,"
"The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER I.

I could never understand why a man should be contemptuously spoken of as living by his wits. 'Tis surely the most charming compliment in the world. For the eking out existence on five thousand a year requires no uncommon parts. To saw, plane, or dig potatoes is within the narrowest capacity also. But to come into the world unencumbered with earthly goods, as a bird or a butterfly, to make the day's invention suffice for the day's needs! Here is a phenomenon that strikes the slowest imagination.

Can we conceive the heaviness of the world without the engaging souls who, as the saying goes, live by their wits? From Homer to Harlequin, from Michael Angelo to Mountebank, the wit of the few alleviates the dullness of the many. Knowledge does not always gladden, philanthropy drives us mad. The contriver of happy surprises saves society from universal suicide. Begrudge not, then, thy sixpence to your poor Saltinbanque, O fellow-groaner under the burdens of life! If he ease thee not of a leaden hour, he is sure to do such a service for neighbors in worse plight than thyself. Give him sixpence, ay, a shilling, cheerfully, and bless him into the bargain, for he also is a benefactor of humanity!

The blazing logs of a handsome fire lit up the winter twilight; silver tea service, vermilion hangings, and every other brilliant object in the room glowing with light and warmth, as one of four lazy loungers thus questioned another: "Arthura, what would you have done had you been born dull?"

The young lady never so much as lifted her eyes to the speaker, but continued to turn over the pages of her illustrated paper, dimpled wrist and fair hand, on which sparkled diamonds, showing to as much advantage as if the leaves were turned for no other purpose. Then lazily and inoffensively, with eyes still bent on the page, she answered the question by putting another: "What have you done all your life?" Then came a malicious little laugh from the depths of one easy-chair, an interjection of reproof from the other, but the first speaker rose from his seat, and stood glaring at the offender.

"You are growing intolerable," he said. "But since you call me dull, I will be dull to you, and to your cost."

"Oh dear! don't, Mr. Valerian," began a timid feminine voice. "Arthura did not mean it."

"Now, Colley," cried the occupant of the chair opposite, "I forbid you to interfere. If Arthura and Valerian did not hate each other they would be as dull as you and I."

The first little old lady sank back in her chair, breathing a sigh of resignation. The second leaned forward, all alertness. The pair between them presented also a striking contrast, the girl quiet, even languid, the man evidently irritated past endurance.

"Such ingratitude it has never been my lot to punish, for punish you I will. Turn no more of your dull people over to me." Arthura only smiled. "The fact is you are fast being spoiled. But your task from to-day will be to make bricks without straw. No appeal shall induce me to have pity on you."

Arthura laughed. "You should not put such questions. I can not help it if I do really find you dull sometimes."

"Do not say that, dear Arthura," again remonstrated Mademoiselle Colette; but she was straightway silenced by her formidable hostess.

"It is your book-learning, perhaps," the girl went on, in the quietest manner. "Nothing but books, books, books, from morning till night. I should grow into a dullard too if I read as many."

"You might be more of a scollard with advantage," retorted the other. "It is surely as well to know the three R's. Don't, however, look to me any more to instruct your ignorance. Find some one else to teach you what every housemaid ought to know." Thus saying, the irate speaker dashed out of the room, Arthura's provoking little laugh reaching him on the threshold.

"What a question to ask! Yet it sets one thinking," she said, looking in the fire. "Why are so many people dull, I wonder? I suppose it is the curse of sin, the old Adam in us. And what should I have done had I been thus afflicted? A blind man gets a dog to lead him; a cripple can buy a wooden leg; trumpets supply ears. But what shop could I go to for a parcel of wit? And a spry beggar is worth a golden fool, and a farthing's worth of wit fair change for fifty pound, says the proverb."

"Does the proverb really say so?" asked Colette. "But why did you not say this to Mr. Valerian? It would have amused him. It would have put him in a good temper."

"Let Mr. Valerian be," answered Arthura. "He tries to crush me with his learning. But I am his match with the tongue."

"Don't quarrel—pray don't quarrel. Try to see his best side," pleaded the little Frenchwoman.

"Will you always be a child?" broke in the mistress of the house. "My dear good Colley, if Arthura and Valerian try to crush each other, where's the harm? Leave the rivals alone."

"Why should they be rivals?" asked Colette, with a tone of pain.

"Why should they not be cherubim? That is as rational a question. But now upstairs for the business of dressing! Be sure to look in and give me a finishing touch, Arthura. Benson knows no more how to dress me than if she had been lady-in-waiting to a savage with only shell fringes for wardrobe."

The three ladies rose, Arthura soon to appear in her patroness's tiring-chamber well dressed enough for a handsome girl of twenty-three, even had she been an heiress instead of an underling.

"Are you going to wear all these?" she asked, glancing at the dressing-table with unabashed girlish amusement. It glittered with gold and jewelry, and from her seat before the mirror their withered owner contemplated the treasure, smiling an odd smile of satisfaction.

"Now, Arthura, the truth. Is it worth while for an old woman like me to trick herself out with rubies and pearls?"

Arthura was curiously turning over the first ornaments that came to hand. Dazzling indeed was the display! Amethyst contrasted with topaz—the violet and the crocus; chrysolite, glowworm among gems; opals for pensive loveliness, and rubies for rosy lips and smiles; the modest yet bewitching sapphire, azure of heaven's own; pearls for princesses born, and diamonds for nature's duchesses, with heaps of gold and silver beaten into beautiful shapes, broken sun-rays, rippling moonlight—all were here, and the girl contemplated them with the unenvying eye of youth content to be itself. Thus questioned, she looked straight at the speaker, then at the reflection of the small shrunken face opposite.

"No," was the prompt answer. "If I were sitting before the glass as you are now, and looking at myself, I should say it is not worth while. But seated at the head of the dinner table, and seeing everybody staring, not at me, but at my diamonds, I should say, Yes, it is worth while."

Miss Hermitage laughed that worldly little laugh so full of character. "I knew I should get no beating about the bush from you, Miss Speak-your-mind. Then I am bound to befool myself because jewels impress people?"

"And amuse them."

"You are right. It is our duty to amuse people. What is amusement but another name for happiness?" Miss Hermitage said. "Why was I unhappy in my youth? Because I never got any amusement. Why am I as happy now as the day is long, though but a withered old woman? Because I am amused."

"Then we will wear as many jewels as we can carry, and never mind the preposterous figure we make," Arthura said, culling one or two trinkets of unusual size and splendor. "We will wear this, and this, and this," she added, adjusting circlet and star, clasp and aigrette.

"You are a perpetual riddle to me, Arthura. I do believe you are the only person in the house not afraid of me."

"Why should I be afraid of you, or any one? You can only send me away. I do not wish to go. But I must be unconcerned and outspoken sometimes. Well, yes, preposterous was too plain a word to use; yet I am sure, at my age and in my place, you would have had it in your mind."

"Never mind the word. One thing is certain, I hear all your sharp speeches. You can say nothing harder of me out of hearing."

"These diamonds set off your velvet gown mightily," Arthura said, paying no heed to the last remark. "Yes, after all, age, not youth, is the time for jewels. They fascinate people's eyes, and turn their attention from deficiencies. They do the sparkling we can not do for ourselves. One, just one more ornament, dearest Gossip. This diamond spray in your head-dress, and just one more, this dewdrop—it is nothing more—to glisten under your chin."

"As you please, Miss Impertinent. That was not a stupid question Valerian put to you. What would have become of you had you been born dull? We had been talking of it just before, Colette and I, and saying how lucky it is that you can earn so much, and with all your incumbrances and responsibilities too. But now every one is dying to get you: I mean my old cousin, Mr. Constantine, and my young cousin, Stephana—the countess, as we should call her."

"I love Mr. Constantine, and the Countess Stephana bewitches me. But you are a good mistress; I will stay with you till you turn me away."

"I shall not turn you away," was the good-natured reply. "That is to say, so long as you amuse me. I must be amused."

"We will amuse you," Arthura said, gayly. "It would be hard indeed if we could not amuse ourselves when money drops from the trees like ripe apples."

"Money does not seem to have much to do with it. Who so gaysome as yourself?"

"I think people are like flints," Arthura made quick reply, with that piquant gravity as natural to her as exuberant mirth; "you must crush them to make the sparks fly."

"My dear Arthura, who has crushed you? Your father had a sweet temper, you say, although he was a sad— But never mind. And your step-mother is as harmless as a pet tortoise."

"Oh! I was not thinking of human beings, but circumstances. I am the luckiest person in the world; still"—here the young face clouded—"what if I should fall ill, should die, my father's debts unpaid, my little brother and sister uneducated, my step-mother helpless as a baby?"

"Well, you are not in the least likely to die just yet; so let us go down-stairs and enjoy ourselves. You answer for it that no one will be bored. The opening night of a season is critical."

But Arthura only laughed away these misgivings. Always gayest after a pensive thought, to-night she seemed irrepressible. Crushed or no, the sparks flew in all directions.

On the threshold of the dining-room, just as she had opened the door for Miss Hermitage, she saw Valerian coming out of his study. Closing the door after her mistress, without shutting it, she awaited him just to say, with extraordinary hauteur:

"You may be as dull as you please, Mr. Valerian, but incivility before Miss Hermitage's guests is quite another matter. You remember the conditions on which you hired me into her service."

He bowed, even more frigid than herself. "I hope I know my duties as host without having to come to you for instruction," he said.

Then he opened the door, and Colette, looking tremblingly from one to the other, saw that they had at least made up their minds to a show of courtesy.

CHAPTER II.

Flirtation is of every age, and Miss Hermitage, who had been starved at seventeen, could eat and be filled at seventy. Do not ice-men relish pomegranates close under the pole-star, and foggy Londoners delight in roses at Christmas-tide? The ineffable pastime of coquetry has no season, and may be indulged in when wigs are set as a snare instead of sunny curls or locks Hyperion, and we smile adoringly with lips parted showing ivory not our own. Miss Hermitage was now amused in right good earnest. There were bright-eyed maidens and sumptuous matrons in her salon, a fair company arrayed with the respect due to the richest hostess in the place. One acknowledged beauty and one finished coquette were there, of course; what assemblage was ever without? But alike lovely dimples and queenly figures, arch smiles and eyes irresistible, were neglected for the oldest and least lovely woman present. The irony of the situation pleased Miss Hermitage. There she sat, like a young and beautiful queen on her throne, one knight holding her fan, another her bouquet, a third protecting her complexion from the fire by a hand-screen, a fourth seated obsequiously at her feet. These clerical henchmen, however, would not on the morrow make merry at their hostess's expense. A rich old maid is a Golconda, a river flowing over golden sands, to curates. Miss Hermitage was safe from fairer rivals in these hearts, beating calmly, strangers to passion. She accepted the chivalrous homage now paid to her, whether lay or clerical, smiling inwardly. The irony of it! In girlhood neglected, in middle life forlorn, in old age fêted, flattered, befooled!

The dazzling evening had reached its acme, when two figures brought a new and romantic element into play. In a certain degree outward uniformity and commonplaceness must stamp every company in which the men and women are dressed precisely after the same fashion. Here, without any surprise being intended, came one of those happy surprises alone enough to enliven the dullest fellowship.

Among the latest to do homage to their new sovereign was a small space of oddest yet imposing appearance. He was so old that his dress, which for the most part belonged to the last century, well became him. Nor were his manners wholly of this. Ceremonious, courtly, fastidious, he went through his social observances with a mixture of airiness and solemnity that accorded with his costume—scrupulously fitting black silk hose, black knee-breeches, and long-lappeted coat of silky black cloth, and on his bosom ruffles of finest lawn, on which sparkled a diamond star. Diamonds also adorned his shoe-buckles. But engaging as was his general appearance, the fine, delicate features of the old cavalier attracted still more attention. Carved ivory were not finer, more delicate, than this small, rare physiognomy, nor the smoothest vellum of more harmonious texture than his beardless cheek. He wore no wig to hide the baldness of a beautifully shaped head, and his carriage was erect as that of a soldier. This dainty apparition now stood before the lady of the house, kissing her hand, and bowing low, as if in the presence of majesty itself. The little knot of admirers made way, and Mr. Constantine sat down beside Miss Hermitage.

"Praise me, cousin," he began; "I have risen from my bed—I was going to say my grave—to pay my respects to you. Pray be congratulated. A brilliant assemblage, and superbly entertained. Whilst as regards your own appearance, it is faultless."

He bowed low to the diamonds. Miss Hermitage laughed.

"It all amuses me. Why should it not?"

"Why not, indeed? I see with pleasure, too, that the old family plate is at last called into requisition, for I confess that I stopped on my way to invigorate my old frame with a sip of your excellent Madeira. The gold and silver service, the crystal, the exotics—everything matches to a nicety."

"I have not lifted a finger. Valerian and Arthura arranged everything."

"Ah, that incomparable creature with the legendary name! She ministered to my wants, and flitted about me so charmingly just now that I fairly lost my head."

"You are welcome to lose your head, Constantine, but I can not lose Arthura. I divine your covert meaning, Jesuit that you are! But the girl is worth half my fortune to me."

"You are too rich, Christina; you have an admirable steward in your second cousin—nephew, I should say—"

"Valerian and I call each other cousins; I will be nobody's aunt," Miss Hermitage said, tartly. "It is a venerable title, and not to my taste."

"I ask pardon. Then there is that ingenuous chirping little Frenchwoman, the dear creature I heard playing so divinely just now—you have her."

"I could no more do without Colette than I could do without the other two. We have known each other for fifty years."

"Oh, misnamed Christina! You will not, then, spare me one out of the matchless three?"

"Cleverness is to be had for money. Go to the right market and bid for it, as I have done."

"Cleverness, yes. But wit, sprightliness, Arthura's bewitching audacity! Where can I find such a paragon? Well, go your ways. When I am laid—it may be to-morrow—in my narrow bed, you will repent. 'Poor Constantine,' you will say, 'if I had only humored him!'"

"Indeed I shall never think of you in your narrow bed. What good would it do?"

"Take me to your bosom now, then," said the old man, playfully. Make my few remaining days happy. I would go to the length of marrying you, cousin—on my soul I would—for the sake of being cheered by that pretty, pretty thing."

"I am much obliged to you. I will go to the length of saying that you may come and see me as often as you please for the sake of Arthura's society," Miss Hermitage said, with extreme good nature. "But here comes Stephana!—Constantine and Stephana! Will the stars fall next? I am indeed honored."

"I will offer my respects to our kinswoman later; your Madeira tempts me once more down stairs." So saying, Mr. Constantine, doing reverence to his hostess after the stately fashion of several reigns ago, made way for the second apparition in Miss Hermitage's crowded reception-rooms. For the pale, pensive lady, almost unearthly-looking in her sadness, was also phenomenal in her dress. There were scores of white dresses in the room; not one in the least like the white robe of Stephana. Other women wore pearls; her pearls seemed a part of her, and in her whole appearance, from the white flower shining in her dark hair and on her bosom to the diaphanous drapery floating about her like a cloud, was something shadowy, spirit-like, almost ghost-like, if a fair breathing creature can be compared to a ghost.

"My dear Stephana! I am glad to see that you have not quite given up this wicked world; and we are to be neighbors."

Stephana sat down, holding her cousin's hand, and fixing her large, brown, penetrating eyes upon her.

"I am glad also. Then your travels are over?"

"Yes; I shall never travel in foreign parts any more, unless to Paris. In ten years I have seen every place I wanted to see. I intend now to settle down and amuse myself for the rest of my life. I am the richest woman in the country, and I mean to get the utmost entertainment possible out of my money."

The large mesmerizing eyes of Stephana were still fastened on Miss Hermitage.

"Such large-hearted hospitality is much needed here. You will do real good," she added, gently.

"Now, Stephana, please do not talk to me about doing good. I do my charities handsomely to ease my conscience, and there the matter ends. I am always interested to see you, my dear, but the very word philanthropy drives me mad."

Stephana smiled away the other's asperity, and changed the subject. "Were you happy in Italy, on the Nile, in Dresden?" she asked.

"I was amused, if that is what you mean. Valerian and Colette managed everything beautifully for me. I never had a dull moment."

"And I am sure you can never be dull now. That charming Arthura who came with your message! I fell in love with her at once. It is just the nature that does me good to come in contact with."

"Quite useless for any one to fall in love with Arthura," Miss Hermitage said, unwarrantably emphatic. "She is necessary to me, and nothing in the world shall induce me to part with her."

"You are happy indeed to find Arthuras," Stephana answered, resignedly.

Miss Hermitage dropped her voice almost to a whisper. "You need not be lonely. Marry again. But now let us confabulate no longer. I am beholden to show myself—you also, as one of the house."

The pair rose, and Miss Hermitage passing her arm within that of her tall and beautiful conductress, went from one room to another. She had her especial reasons for looking after Valerian and Arthura. "Mind," she had whispered to her steward, "be civil to Arthura before our guests. She would be quite useless to me unless treated exactly on the same footing as yourself. The first person that flouts her shall be struck off my visiting-list." She saw now with infinite satisfaction that after setting conversation agoing in the large salon, Valerian was making much of Arthura among the young people. Colette, always gay and initiative where music was concerned, had improvised a carpet dance. There was Valerian leading Arthura through the labyrinths of a cotillion, certainly without a smile on his face, yet cordial enough for the occasion. The dance over, he was introducing her to a partner here, a stately chaperon there, Arthura smiling graciously. "A wonderful piece of acting! Who would suppose that they hated each other?" Miss Hermitage mused. She was well pleased with both as she continued her survey. Apparently without any effort, they had made the evening full of pretty surprises, of which the impromptu ball was but one.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

MOISTURE IN THE AIR.

Of the varying conditions of the air we breathe there are three which especially concern our health. They are its purity, its temperature, and the amount of moisture it contains.

Of these three the first two should be pretty well understood; if they are not, it is not for the lack of abundant discussion. But the questions which relate to the amount of moisture in the air are less discussed; they are seldom, indeed, stated very clearly. Of a dozen writers on hygiene whose books lie on my table, only one (Dr. W. H. Corfield) gives an accurate and adequate account of even the first principles of the subject.

Let us inquire, then, about the moisture that we breathe. We have to ask: (1) How is water dissolved in air? (2) how can we know the amount in solution in any given place? (3) how much moisture in the air is desirable? and (4) in what ways can we regulate the amount in our sitting-rooms and houses?

1. Water dissolves in air in much the same way, and almost as readily, as sugar dissolves in water. But there is this unlikeness: the temperature of the air makes a vast difference in the amount that it will hold in solution. A cubic foot of air at the freezing-point will contain only about two grains of water in solution, though more may be present in suspension, that is to say, in the shape of fog or cloud. But at 95° F.—with us a not infrequent summer temperature—this cubic foot of air will contain seventeen grains of water, and the two grains of moisture only would be quite lost in it, or insensible. It is as if a glass of cold water sugared should lose its sweetness by being warmed. Still, whether with two grains of water at the freezing-point, or with seventeen grains at 95°, the air is said to be *saturated*, *i. e.*, it holds all the moisture that it can dissolve, and in either case this complete saturation is expressed by the number 100. A half-saturation would then be expressed by 50; and this degree would mean about one grain of water per cubic foot at the freezing-point, eight and a half grains at 95°, and some other amount at each point of the thermometrical scale. At the comfortable winter temperature, for in-doors, of 68° complete saturation means about seven grains of water per cubic foot.

Now let us suppose that it is clear cold weather. Two grains of water per foot is all that the outside air, at the freezing-point, can contain. But our sitting-room is ventilated from that outside air, which we have warmed to 68°, or perhaps higher, and at 68° it requires seven grains of water for saturation. This heated air, therefore, is at most only two-fifths saturated; in other words, it is dry, and it may contain very much less than the amount of moisture that most persons require for health and comfort.

2. How are we to know, and conveniently measure, the deficiency or the excess of moisture in the air?

The hygrometer tells us the degree of saturation, whether excessive or deficient, at any temperature. Of several kinds, Daniell's hygrometer is the best. It is very accurately made by Tiemann, of New York. The instrument consists of two precisely similar thermometers. The bulb of one is covered by a little piece of thin linen, which dips into a small receptacle of water attached to it. The capillary attraction keeps it continually moist; and evaporation from the surface of the bulb thus goes on continually, except when the surrounding air is already saturated, or as full of moisture as it can hold. Then, of course, there is no evaporation from the wet bulb, and consequently no chilling of the wet bulb, the water upon it being of the same temperature as the air of the room; and the two thermometers will stand at the same mark, high or low. This means, therefore, that the air is saturated; in winter-time the moisture on window-panes will tell you the same thing, at least of the cooler air next to the windows. The warmer air toward the middle of the room may be comparatively dry at the same moment.

But when the air is not saturated, then evaporation from around the bulb goes on, the bulb is cooled, and the mercury falls. This evaporation, and the consequent fall of temperature in the wet-bulb thermometer, give an exact measure of the dryness of the air. A considerable difference (6° or 8°) between the two thermometers means that a considerable evaporation is going on over the wet bulb; and this means that the surrounding air is comparatively dry, *i. e.*, that it does not contain enough water to saturate it at the given temperature. And what does a small difference of temperature mean? It means that little evaporation is possible because the air is moist; and no difference tells us that the air is already saturated.

3. The practical question is now, What is the proper degree of saturation? We need not know the actual quantity of water per cubic foot of air, for this quantity, as we see, varies immensely with the temperature. The exact degrees of saturation for each temperature are expressed in tables with which we need not concern ourselves here. The practical rule is a very simple one. It is this: the difference between the wet bulb and the dry bulb thermometer should not be less than 4° F., nor more than 8°. Where the difference ranges between these extremes, we may consider the air to be about moist enough for health and comfort.

4. In what ways can we regulate the amount of moisture in the air of our apartments and our houses?

The atmosphere of a room may be either too moist or too dry for health and comfort. In the first case, a cold damp air without becomes a dry air when heated within, for the reasons that we have seen, namely, that its capacity to dissolve water being greatly increased by the heat, it is no longer saturated. But the air may easily be made too damp by moisture disengaged within the house itself, as by evaporation from boiling water—a phenomenon especially familiar to housekeepers on Mondays. The exhalations of the lungs and skin in a crowded apartment produce the same effect, and so does the combustion of many lights.

When the outer air is both hot and moist, as often in summer, we can not well warm it in order to dry it; in fact, we can do nothing but to ventilate thoroughly. But we can always make dry air moister; it remains for us to consider another time how that may best be done.

Titus Munson Coan.

ON THE ATCHAFALAYA.

[FROM OUR ARTIST'S CORRESPONDENCE.]

I have arrived at New Iberia after the most astonishing voyage it has ever been my fortune to make. Entering the Atchafalaya River, we found ourselves confronted by the great problem which is of such universal interest through the Southwest. Thirty-eight years since the farmers waded across the present sources of the Atchafalaya, and cattle browsed on the reeds growing in its bed. We found it, as you will see by the diagram, 122 feet deep, and lower down 165, until our line was broken by the current, and we had to stop sounding. As we got well into the river we found it about 350 yards wide, with the wildest kind of primitive forests on either side. The swollen current reached high up on these trees, rushing through them, and here and there undermining and uprooting huge cypresses and flinging them into the stream. The trees lodge against the banks and form drifts and rafts, until they again break away with the current.

At many places the water whirls in great circles, whose centre dips down like a saucer two feet beneath the surrounding current. Here and there it boils up as of a huge caldron, bringing with it various colored earths, showing the nature of the soil its deep channel is tearing away. Here and there it is joined by a sluggish red stream from the submerged forests. It is the overflow from the Red River, thus leaving its former outlet at the Mississippi for the new-found cross-cut to the Gulf. While crossing these currents or the wake of a steamer, the foam would toss completely over our pilot-house, and deluge our fires.

We stopped at few places; at most we had time only for a hail. Our gallant little steamer sometimes surged along sideways; again it had to back against, and then raced with, the river current, at a speed of sixteen miles per hour. A powerful river boat upward bound had to work back and forth across current to avoid "bows" and "races." Her progress resembled the crawl of a turtle. Alligators, turtles, and wild fowl abound along this wilderness. Our forward deck resembled an arsenal. Shot-guns, rifles, and revolvers lay along the rail, with piles of cartridges beside, and when not engaged in navigating the boat, a continual fusillade was kept up. Our crew were very expert with the "shooting-irons," and many a dead "'gator" followed us down stream. Whenever an extra large one hove in sight, basking peacefully on some drifting monarch of the forest, a call to arms would be made by our keen-eyed pilot, and a broadside from eight barrels would be sent, lifting his majesty clear off the log in a most hasty and undignified manner. The swiftness of the current prevented our saving many specimens, but the want of fresh meat soon made the hunt a stern reality, and many a savory dish graced our table toward the last of the "run." It sometimes took three-quarters of an hour to secure a turtle, after shooting, for we had to round to and struggle up stream, and one wounded duck kept us fully an hour, with several involuntary butting matches with the bank; but it was a case of duck dinner or none, and success at last rewarded our efforts.

I give in my sketch a steamer passing a whirlpool. We were about shooting at an alligator on a log just entering one of these, when the log, caught by the current, "up-ended," and disappeared, "'gator" and all, before our astonished vision. They appeared a quarter of a mile further down. We sounded—depth 160 feet.

We tied up to the trees for the night, and were boarded by the curious character marked No. 3. He came aboard to "talk over the news." His face, hair, clothing, and boots were all of the same yellow parchment color. No. 9, the ash cabin, is a well-known place, most of the surveys of this section making their rendezvous there.

The question asked by all along our route is, "Do you think the Atchafalaya will absorb the Mississippi current?" Major Whitney, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, who is in charge of this trip, is constantly visited by delegations from the towns on our route wishing information on this point. His opinion is that, unless immediate attention is paid to this work by the government, the Mississippi will flow bodily to the Gulf through this new-found relief for the levee-bound flood waters. Such an event will ruin Bayou Sara, Baton Rouge, New Orleans, and all south coast cities depending on the river for support, for it will not only leave them high and dry, but necessitate the changing of the entire established transport system of the Southwest below the mouth of the Red River. The millions spent on the Eads river improvements and the present levee system would alike be thrown away. To be sure the route to the Gulf would be shortened some two hundred miles by allowing the change to take place, but it is still a question whether the new outlet, with its comparatively narrow and more turbulent channel, would not so increase the dangers of travel down, and labor and loss of time up, as to take away all advantages from the shorter cut to the Gulf.

The country we are now in is just as wonder-exciting for its beauty and productiveness as the Atchafalaya was for its wildness and swamps. Imagine a river or bayou two hundred feet wide, running between gently sloping banks covered with stately live-oaks and grass to the water's edge. We pass for days through one continuous scene of beauty and cultivation, while within sight of each other lie quaint little villages, connected with each other by the largest and finest sugar plantations in the world. We meet draw-bridges every few miles, of the most curious build and mechanism. The people are the happiest and most hospitable in the world.

We are besieged by invitations to stop and dine, to stay all night, to remain a week; months would be required to take advantage of their hospitality. The plantations are generally divided by the river into two parts, with a draw-bridge connecting. One old gentleman refused to allow his bridge-turner to open for us until we promised to land and take a "bite" with him. The dinner he served was fit for a king, and we didn't stop "biting" until four o'clock: we landed at one. I told Major Whitney to stop again at his peril, for these people would certainly kill us with kindness. Messengers on horseback are sent down-stream to meet and engage us beforehand.

SOME ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

You ask me to give you a few new anecdotes Washington Irving.

One bright morning before breakfast, when most of the family were gathered on the western piazza at Sunnyside, our attention was attracted by the loud cries of a beautiful bird which was flying around and repeatedly dashing itself against the trunk of a locust-tree near by. We quickly discovered that a red squirrel had robbed a bird's nest of an egg, which he held in his mouth, and, like an adroit tactician, merely moved a little way around the trunk of the tree, out of the bird's way, when it flew fiercely toward it, and endeavored to peck it with its bill or beat it with its wings. In a little while the poor bird was so injured that it was forced to withdraw. Then the squirrel with the greatest impudence came out on a limb of the tree, glibly cracked the egg, devoured its contents, and dropped the pieces of the shell almost at our feet. Mr. Irving was soon in almost as much distress as the bird, exclaimed against the barbarity of squirrels in general, and ordered all on his grounds to be shot. He loved all living and pleasant things, but birds especially. Every one may not recollect the time when Mr. Irving was walking about his grounds with a friend, and passed very near to a bird's nest upon which the mother bird was sitting. His friend noticed the tameness of the bird, when Mr. Irving said, "Oh, we know each other very well; I often go by the nest, and we always look at each other, but she is not afraid of me, nor I of her."

He once told inimitably the salient points of a little adventure he had in company with the French and Russian ambassadors and Sir David Wilkie, when they were travelling in the most unostentatious way on the Mediterranean shores of Spain. Wilkie was amusing himself with making sketches of the coast, as of old Moorish castles and ruined forts, when they were suddenly surrounded and arrested as spies, and taken before a little village alcalde, who in a very fierce and pompous way demanded who they were. The Russian ambassador replied that he had the honor to represent his Majesty the Emperor of Russia at the court of Spain. The outraged functionary burst out in a paroxysm of rage and invective against this supposed attempt to deceive and ridicule him, which was increased when the French ambassador made a similar reply. But turning to Mr. Irving, who then looked like an Englishman, he said, "You, of course, will claim to represent his Majesty the King of Great Britain." He sobered down a little when Mr. Irving replied, No, he merely represented the United States of America; and became still more thoughtful when Wilkie only claimed to be one of the court painters to his Majesty the King of England. At request they quickly produced documents and cards to prove their identity, when the worthy little fellow fell into great terror from the fear that they would forward complaints against him. They earnestly assured him that he had only done his duty toward such suspicious-looking persons as they were; that they were merely travelling for relaxation and pleasure after their hard duties at Madrid, and that he had furnished them with materials for many a pleasant afterthought. They invited him to dinner, and made so much of him that I fear the report is true that he was left under the table by their good cheer.

In my visits to Sunnyside I generally preferred a short walk along the railroad to a long drive around. Mr. Irving was often watching for me at the southern window, and when I passed a curve in the road and came in sight, he would wave his hand or handkerchief to me, and then generally seemed at ease. He would be so gay and pleasant at the tea table, and quietly take his evening naps, that very frequently I could only learn from others how he had been. He seemed to think I would know all about him by looking at him, and would give my directions to his faithful niece, while all he had to do was to take all the doses he was directed to take as docilely as the best trained child. He never asked for particular information about his disorders, even about his heart, nor what medicine he was taking, or what its effect would be, but accepted whatever he was told. He never made a single impatient or querulous remark to me, and almost spoiled me for the treatment of all troublesome patients. When I expressed any special confidence or hope of benefit from some new prescription, he generally pleasantly wished me a good deal of success. He always came down to breakfast neatly shaven and attired, and I often could only judge from his wan face and trembling hands that he had had an unusually bad night. He always put on a dress suit and fresh linen for his three-o'clock dinner, and presided at the head of his table with old-time courtesy and geniality. But one time when he attempted to carve the dish before him, and found that he could not even force the fork into the meat, much less cut with the knife, he rose from the table uncomplainingly, and while the tears were streaming down all our faces, he turned pleasantly, looked at a long gray shawl which was trailing from his shoulders on the floor behind him, saying, "What a fine long tail our cat has got!" He retired to his sofa in the drawing-room, and soon was his old, cheery, brave, and pleasant self again.

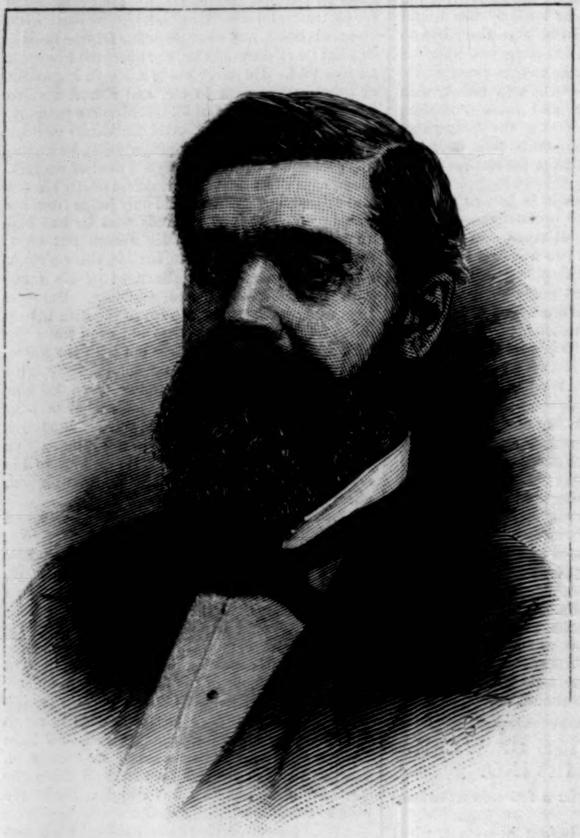
One Sunday he preferred to stay at home, and asked me whether I would not like to go to church. On my return he inquired rather quizzically how I liked the church (which had been newly refitted), and the sermon, and the services, and all the proceedings. I then became aware that he knew what would happen to me if I went. He was a vestryman, and always carried around the plate when a collection was taken up, or sent some male member of his family to fill his place. I had been considerably taken aback in church when a silver plate was gravely handed to me to aid in taking up the collection, and would have been much more embarrassed if Mr. George D. Morgan had not stepped forward and taken the plate from me just as I was stepping out of the pew to fulfill my friend's duties.

I once saw Mr. Irving rudely jostled while getting into an omnibus by one of those ruffians who force themselves in ahead of any person weaker than themselves or more peaceable, who never give up their seats to a lady. The earnestly reproachful look of Mr. Irving spoke volumes; his temper was under as good control as that of Washington, but he had full as much spirit, as many incidents given in his *Life and Letters* prove. This look was only equalled on another occasion when a wildly drunken and hatless man drove into Mr. Grinnell's grounds, down to his house, thinking he was going to New Rochelle, where he wished to return after the celebration at the laying of the corner-stone of the monument to Major André's captors at Tarrytown. Mr. Grinnell tried to have his horse put up, as it was late at night, and to have him accept a bed in the groom's rooms, and a good breakfast in the morning, when he would be fit to take his long drive of twenty or more miles. In his endeavors to convince the man that he was not fit to go to New Rochelle he asked him what had become of his hat. He felt all over his head, and looking directly at Mr. Irving, said, "Some of you d——d b—gg—rs have got it; you have been playing tricks upon me all the afternoon."

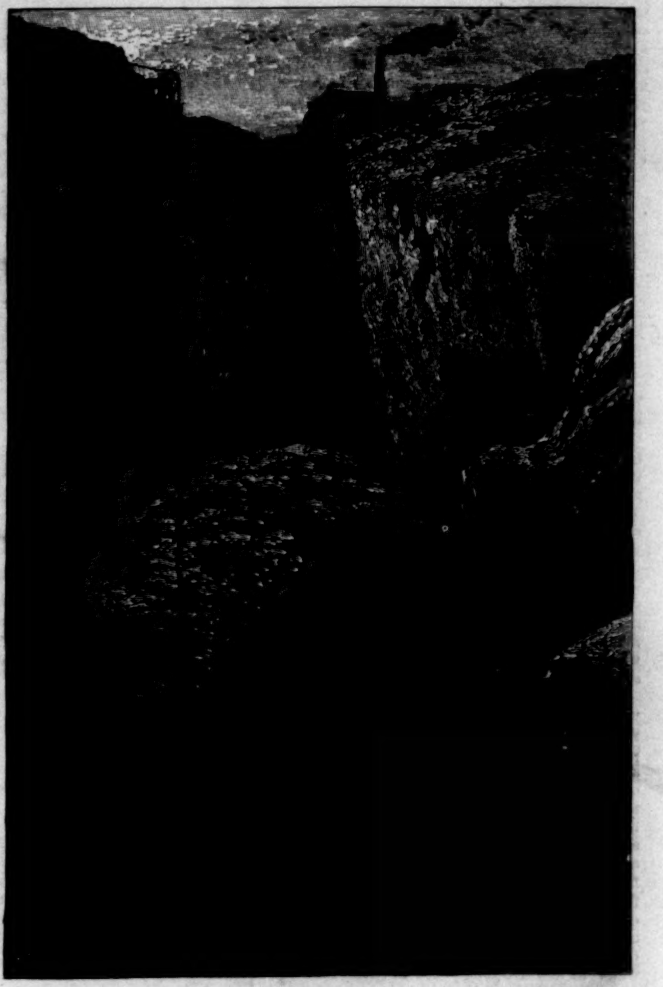
Mr. Irving was in the city when the first volume of the *Life of Washington* came out, and securing a copy, put it under his arm. One of his nephews offered to carry it for him; he replied, "No; I have carried it so long in my head that I can easily take it under my arm."

Excepting when he was under the heat of composition, Mr. Irving rarely wrote later than two o'clock in the afternoon, stopping in time to dress for dinner, and gave up his afternoons and evenings to relaxation and pleasure. But sometimes he wrote fourteen or fifteen hours a day, and when the mood was on him could hardly sleep, and very unwisely thought it best to go on "until his brain was wrung dry," as he phrased it. He never recollected sleeping six hours consecutively in his whole life; and four hours at one time was a long sleep for him. When reasonably well he always enjoyed his wakeful nights, and often got up to read and write. He had had repeated attacks of intermittent fever both before and after I commenced my attendance, and when feverish or disturbed would "muddle," as he termed it, *i. e.*, write one sentence over a dozen or twenty times, each one of them good and perfect, but none satisfactory to him. He would also re-arrange the chapter of the book in hand several different ways, and rewrite many parts. His nephew P. M. Irving, often at my suggestion, would then take his manuscript away from him and give it at once to the printers. He would then often try to make endless alterations in the proof-sheets, but these would often be withheld from him; and he never saw any, or at least very few, of the fifth volume of the *Life of Washington*. When that work was finished, and he had nothing to occupy his mind regularly and continuously, he became almost absolutely sleepless. Every remedy of every school of medicine—homœopathic, eclectic, and regular—often failed to procure him sleep, although he sometimes said I actually gave him in one night enough medicine to put a whole congregation to sleep. I then thought that this state came solely from over-brain-work, but have since recollected that he had an attack of masked fever and ague as late as the middle of September, 1859, and he died in December. I have often thought if I had given him quinine as boldly as I have since done in similar cases, and continued it as long after the attack was broken up as we now find necessary, that much suffering might have been spared him. It always acted kindly and well upon him, but was ever given in as small doses as could prove beneficial, and its use was stopped as soon as the fever was broken.

John C. Peters, M.D.



THE HON. W. Q. GRESHAM, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.
Photographed by W. H. Potter.—[See Page 227.]



DANNEMORA IRON MINE.

"JAMES NASMYTH, ENGINEER."

There can scarcely ever have been a happier or more useful life than that which "James Nasmyth, Engineer," led, and recorded in an autobiography, which has been edited by Samuel Smiles, and published by Harper & Brothers. A man who, starting with nothing, attains a competency at forty-eight, is commonly esteemed enviable, but Nasmyth's success was far greater than that. He attained his competency by solid and indisputable services to society, the rendering of which had been a continual and high enjoyment to him. He was satisfied with enough, and he retired, not to be idle, but to gain time to prosecute researches and studies of his own, because his interest in life transcended even his keen interest in his business. This is indeed to be fortunate and enviable, and the felicity of such a life is completed when, as in Nasmyth's case, the employments of his leisure are as fruitful in their way as the employments of what was in the strict sense his business.

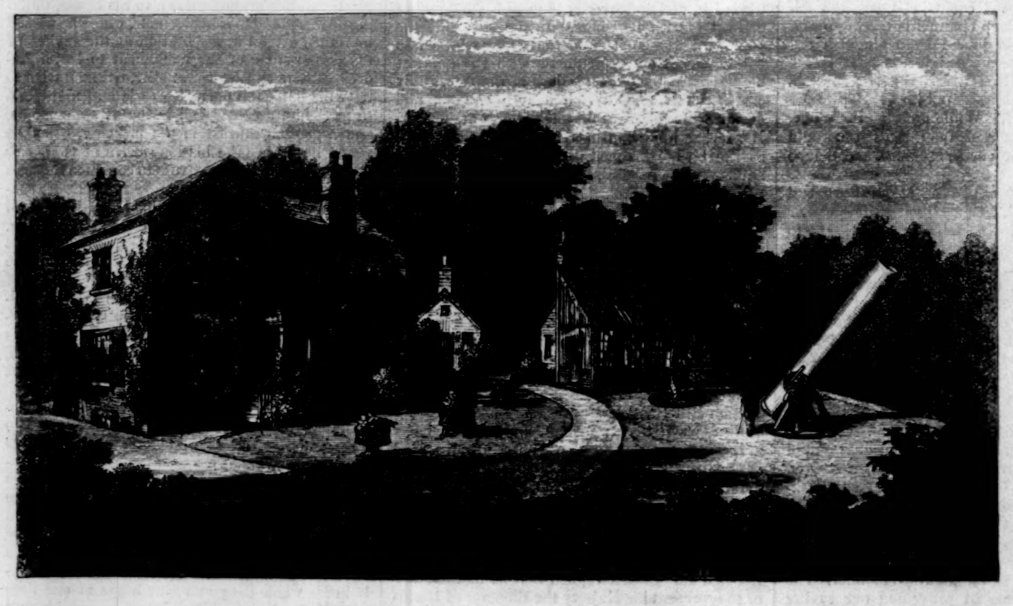
Nasmyth was a man of a type commoner here in this country than in his own—a born mechanician. He came, he tells us, of a family noted for handiness. The great-great-grandfather of James Nasmyth, born in 1652, was a builder and architect, for the profession and the handicraft had not yet been divided, and rebuilt castles, and built houses and even forts. Michael Nasmyth's son and his grandson successively carried on his business, to which James Nasmyth's father succeeded in his turn, but abandoned it for painting, in which he had a local success, which was eclipsed by the career of his son Patrick, the landscape painter, the friend and rival of Clarkson Stanfield and David Roberts; and the elder Nasmyth is now remembered chiefly as the painter of the only authentic portrait of Burns, that in the Royal Scottish Academy. But he was also a mechanic, with a private workshop, in which he pottered after the manner of the amateur mechanician, and in which he did some really important things, such as the introduction of the bow and string bridge, now so common, and the method of driving rivets by compression instead of by blows.

James Nasmyth underwent the usual classical schooling of the time, which he seems to have shed, without retaining the least trace of it; and the chief of his scholastic reminiscences is that he got his pocket-money by turning on his father's lathe better tops for his school-fellows than they could buy, and by making better kites and better brass cannon—the latter cast and bored by himself—than could be got otherwise. He dabbled in chemistry; he learned how to temper steel. Before he had left school he knew for himself many things that the school did not teach. After he left school he was abandoned to his own devices, and these were all mechanical. He made and sold working models of steam-engines, and before he was eighteen had made with his own hands a steam-engine which supplied power to a foundry. In his twentieth year he made a practicable steam-carriage for use on common roads. His ambition was to be connected with Maudsley's, in London, then the most famous iron-works in Great Britain, and he attained it by submitting to the head of the great house a working model of a steam-engine and a series of mechanical drawings.

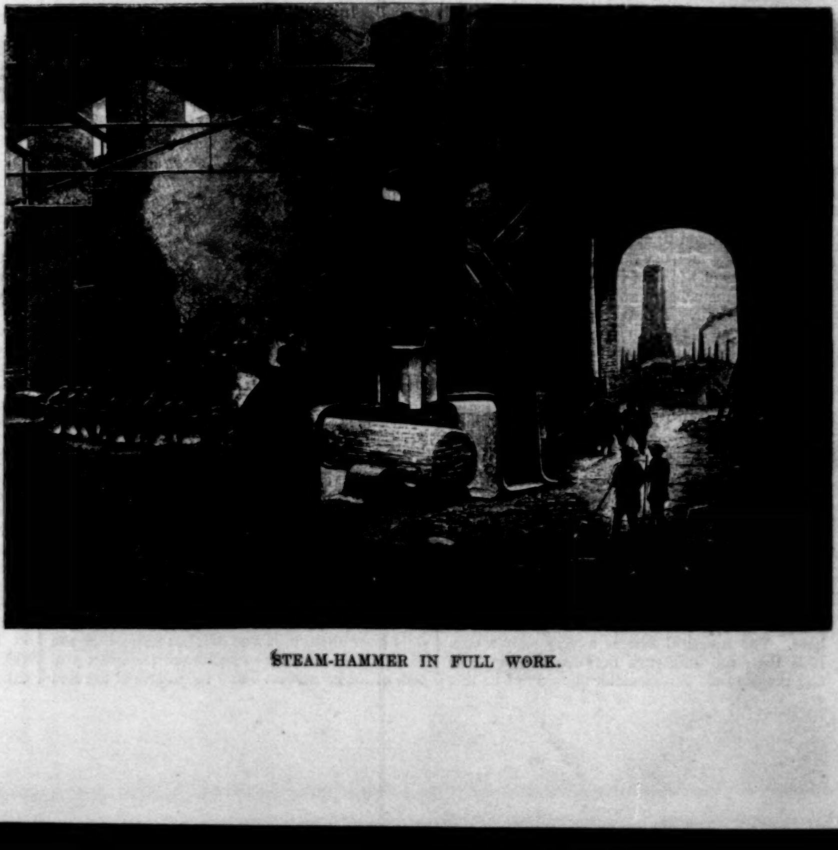
In London he cooked his own food, and spent his holidays in the search and study of machinery. Shortly after Maudsley's death, Nasmyth, being then twenty-three, set up in business for himself near Manchester, in the Bridgewater Foundry, which was to become very famous under his conduct. The simple story he tells of his early struggles, which were not severe enough either to break his strength or to imbitter his spirit, is extremely interesting, especially the recital of his resistance to the trades-unions, and the successful stand he made for "free trade in ability," and for his right to pay men what they were worth. His first and only strike ended by the importation from Scotland to Lancashire of men to take the places of the strikers. But the labor troubles made him more keen to devise machine tools which did not strike nor get drunk, and inspired many fortunate inventions. The most famous of these was the steam-hammer. The necessity which was the mother of this invention was the discovery by the engineer of the Great Western Company, for which Nasmyth had already built twenty locomotives, that there was not a hammer in England powerful enough to forge the paddle-shaft of a large steamer the company desired to build for the Bristol and New York trade. His own account of the exhibition of the hammer to the Lords of the Admiralty is too good and too characteristic not to be transcribed: "The admiral told them that the most interesting novelty in the dock-yard was the starting of Nasmyth's steam-hammer. 'Very well,' they said, 'let us go and see that.' I was there, with the two mechanics I had brought with me from Patricroft, to erect the steam-hammer. I took share and share alike in the work. The Lords were introduced to me, and I proceeded to show them the hammer. I passed it through its paces. I made it break an egg-shell in a wine-glass without injuring the glass. It was as neatly effected by the two-and-a-half-ton hammer as if it had been done by an egg-spoon. Then I had a great mass of white-hot iron swung out of the furnace by a crane and placed upon the anvil-block. Down came the hammer on it with ponderous blows. My Lords scattered, and flew to the extremities of the workshop, for the splashes and sparks of hot metal flew about. I went on with the hurtling blows of the hammer, and kneaded the mass of iron as if it had been clay."

It was the steam-hammer and the steam pile-driver, which was a modification of it, that made Nasmyth's fortune. He was sent for to supply machine tools for the dock-yards and arsenals of France, Spain, Italy, and Russia, and every finished contract brought him new customers, so that he was able to retire at forty-eight with a reputation as an innovator in mechanics which has not been equalled in Great Britain except by Watt. His devices, patented or not worth the risk of patenting under the clumsy and costly British system, which has done so much to stunt invention, number more than forty, and nearly all of them are important, and have become part of the commonplace of mechanical engineering.

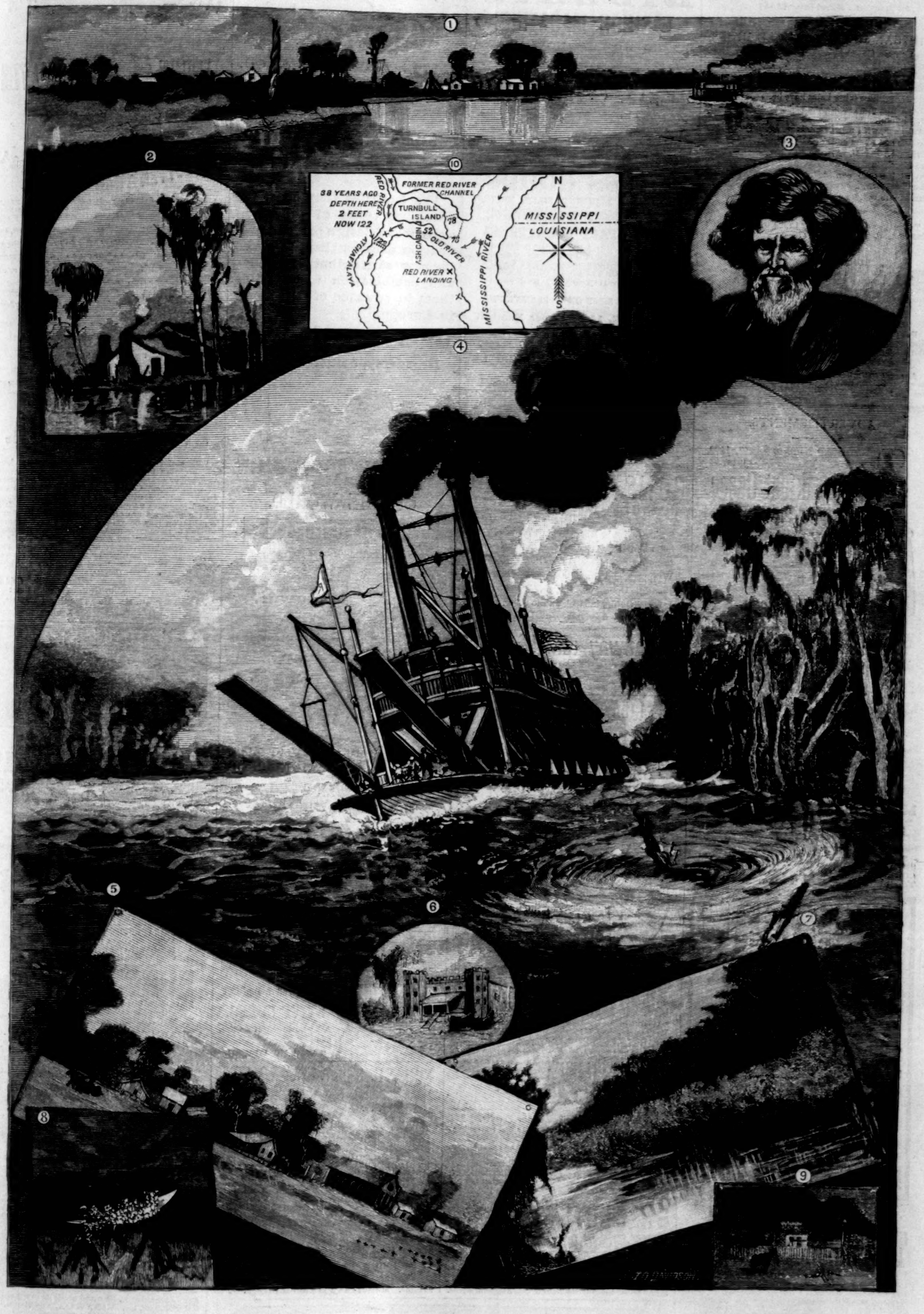
It is impossible to read this autobiography without a hearty liking for the author. The very simplicities attract the reader to the strong-minded and simple-minded author, as when, for example, he says: "My suggestions were zealously carried out by Colonel Colquhoun. He was one of the most clear-headed and intelligent men I have ever met with." And another very marked trait of the book is its geniality and kindliness. The optimism of an old man may not prove much in favor of his species, but it proves much in favor of the aged optimist. Nasmyth says: "I have heard a great deal about the ingratitude and selfishness of the world. It may have been my good fortune, but I have never experienced either of those unfeeling conditions. On the whole, I have found a great deal of unselfish kindness among my fellow-beings. They have often turned out of their way to do me a service." A man who talks in this way at seventy-four we may be sure is worthy of all the kindness he can have received.



PATRICROFT—RESIDENCE OF JAMES NASMYTH.



STEAM-HAMMER IN FULL WORK.


①
②
③
④
⑤
⑥
⑦
⑧
⑨
⑩
38 YEARS AGO
DEPTH HERE
2 FEET
NOW 122
RED RIVER
FORMER RED RIVER CHANNEL
TURNBULL ISLAND
78
52
70
122
ASH CABIN
OLD RIVER
ATCHAFALAYA
RED RIVER LANDING
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
MISSISSIPPI
LOUISIANA
N
S
J. O. DAVIDSON

1. Entrance to Atchafalaya River. 2. A "Swamper's" House on the Atchafalaya. 3. A Swamper. 4. Steamer running the Rapids of the Atchafalaya. 5. Red River Landing. 6. Castle on the Atchafalaya. 7. Little Whiskey Bayou. 8. A Swamper's Garden (in a Canoe). 9. The Ash Cabin, Atchafalaya. 10. Map showing Changes in the Mississippi's Current.

A TRIP ON THE ATCHAFALAYA RIVER.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 235.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

FOR NERVOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, &c.

Send to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I., for pamphlet. Mailed free.—[*Adv.*]

THE SAN JUAN CON. GOLD MINES,

Rio Grande Co., Col., owned principally by Hon. THOMAS M. BOWEN, U. S. Senator. The Company's property consists of two fully developed true fissure lodes — patented; 160 acres of valuable placer claims on which other lodes have been discovered; a town site, upon which is a village of several hundred inhabitants, a gravity railroad, two mills of 50 stamps, with usual buildings, &c. The mines yielded last nine months $310,219 gold; paid last dividend $30,000. Are the greatest gold mines on the Continent. Investment in its stock certain to pay at least 25 per cent. BURROWS BROS., 167 Broadway, N. Y., have a small block for sale. Full particulars can be obtained from them.—[*Adv.*]

THOUSANDS of people testify to the merits of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE

Will save the hair and keep it in a strong and healthy condition, because it will stimulate the roots of the hair and restore the natural action upon which its growth depends. *Burnett's Flavoring Extracts* are absolutely pure.—[*Adv.*]

FOR Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and other diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, no more useful article can be found than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"—[*Adv.*]

ADAPTED to the needs of faded and falling hair, Parker's Hair Balsam ranks high as a reliable hair restorer.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa***, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label. This caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the market.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

CATARRH

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE,

The Great American Balsamic Distillation of Witch Hazel, American Pine, Canadian Fir, Marigold, Clover Blossom, etc.,

For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of every form of Catarrh, from a Simple Head Cold or Influenza to the Loss of Smell, Taste, and Hearing, Cough, Bronchitis, and Incipient Consumption. Relief in five minutes in any and every case. Nothing like it. Grateful, fragrant, wholesome. Cure begins from first application, and is rapid, radical, permanent, and never failing.

One bottle Radical Cure, one Box Catarrhal Solvent and Sanford's Inhaler, all in one package, of all druggists for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

The Jumbo Catalogue.

Just published, the largest and most complete Catalogue of all sporting-goods ever issued—as Lawn-Tennis, Base-Ball, Archery, Cricket, Foot-Ball, Fishing, Boating, and Gymnasium and Firemen's Goods, and all the latest novelties. **228** large pages, **5000** illustrations, on fine tinted paper. Price, by mail, 25 cts.

PECK & SNYDER, 126 to 130 Nassau St., N. Y.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

PORTRAITS! Oldest, Largest and Best House for Agents. **Something New** just introduced. A rich field for Agents. For terms, territory, &c., apply at once. **TEN EYCK & CO.**, Auburn, N. Y.

RIDLEYS'

FASHION MAGAZINE.

SPRING NUMBER NOW READY,

AND TELLS YOU

WHAT TO WEAR } AND { HOW TO OBTAIN IT

At the Lowest New York Prices.

THE SUPREMACY OF SPRING HAVING ASSERTED ITSELF, RAIMENTS SUITABLE TO THE SEASON ARE IN DEMAND, AND, WHATEVER IS DESIRABLE, WE GIVE ASSURANCES CAN BE FOUND IN EACH OF OUR 52 DEPARTMENTS.

DRESS GOODS.

DRESS AND TRIMMING SILKS, FRINGES, LACES, TRIMMINGS, WHITE GOODS, LINENS, NOTIONS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS,

AND IN FACT EVERYTHING

THAT CAN POSSIBLY BE NEEDED FOR WIFE, HUSBAND, OR CHILD, AT PRICES WHICH WE KNOW ARE CORRECT, and in EVERY CASE ARE THE SAME AS CHARGED AT OUR COUNTERS.

Orders by mail promptly and carefully attended to.

SAMPLES SENT ON APPLICATION.

MAGAZINE, 15 cents per Number.

EDW. RIDLEY & SONS,

309, 311, 313 to 321 Grand St.,

56, 58, 60, 62 to 70 ALLEN ST.,

59, 61, 63 ORCHARD ST., NEW YORK.

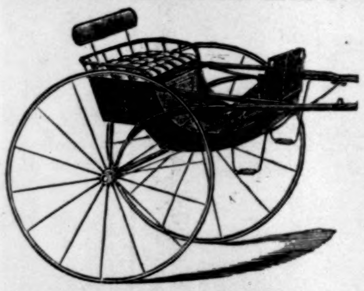
ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

Spring Styles in Misses' and Children's Paris Suits and Dresses; also, those of their own manufacture. Ladies' Tea Gowns, Morning Wrappers, and Dressing Sacques, Paris and Domestic Underwear, &c., &c. Wedding and Infants' Outfits in stock and to order.

Broadway and 19th St.

DRY GOODS BY MAIL Delivered in any part of the United States at Boston Prices. CATALOGUES SENT FREE, also when desired samples of Dress Goods, Silks, Woollens, from the largest and finest stock in this country. Write to **Jordan, Marsh & Co.** { Boston, Mass.

THE BRADLEY



ROAD CART

Above illustration represents our **No. 4** or **Phaeton Cart.** We also make them with skeleton bodies, just the thing for jogging trotters or breaking colts. Our **No. 3½** or **Single Park Cart** is used very extensively by Gentlemen Drivers in speeding on the road or track, weighs 100 lbs., and as handsomely finished as the finest carriage.

THREE STYLES weighing from **90** to **160 lbs.** Prices from **$55** to **$80.**

☞ **First-Class** in every respect, and everybody likes them.

Send for Illustrated Price List.

BRADLEY & CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y. ESTABLISHED 1832.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.

Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris. Sold by all Druggists.

TAMAR, unlike pills and the usual purgatives, is agreeable to take, and never produces irritation.

CARDS. **An Elegant New Set of Cards** for 3c. stamp. W. H. PRINGLE, Rochester, N.Y.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

Messrs.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.

Invite an inspection of their present stock of

SILKS AND VELVETS,

adapted for Spring and Summer usage.

The facilities they have for obtaining types of cloth and sketches of design prior to production enables them to make the newest distribution of color and combination and exhibit them in advance of any house in Europe.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

Broadway, corner 11th St.

THE GREAT SAUCE OF THE WORLD.

LEA & PERRINS'

Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851. "Tell LEA & PERRINS that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS,
GRAVIES,
FISH,
HOT & COLD
MEATS,
GAME, &c.

Lea & Perrins

Signature is on every bottle of GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

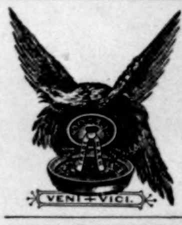
Sold and used throughout the world.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.
NEW YORK.

DAKOTA.

Quick, safe, and sure investments for capitalists or residents in Oriska, Barnes County, Dakota. A new town on Northern Pacific Railroad, at crossing of N. W., twenty miles west of Dalrymple Farm. Spendid opening for Merchants in every line. Mechanics in demand; wages good. Well-settled country, in the the famous wheat belt. Correspondence solicited. References: BATES, REED, & COOLEY, New York; HIDE & LEATHER NAT. BANK, Chicago. Address **PERKINS, ROBBINS, & CO., Bankers, Oriska, Dakota.**



THE ACME LEVER CUFF BUTTONS

Overcome all trouble with

STIFF CUFFS.

Ask your Jeweller for them, and

TAKE NO OTHER.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO'S BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING

ROSES

The only establishment making a SPECIAL BUSINESS of ROSES. 60 LARGE HOUSES for ROSES alone. Strong Pot Plants suitable for immediate bloom delivered safely, postpaid, to any post-office. 5 splendid varieties, your choice, all labeled, for $1; 12 for $2; 19 for $3; 26 for $4; 35 for $5; 75 for $10; 100 for $13. We GIVE a Handsome Present of choice and valuable ROSES free with every order. Our NEW GUIDE, *a complete Treatise on the Rose, 70 pp. elegantly illustrated—free to all.*

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO.

Rose Growers, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

CARLETON'S TREASURY of KNOWLEDGE

THE BEST SELLING BOOK EVER KNOWN. The *largest discount.* Circulars free. Agents, address G. W. CARLETON & CO., Publishers, N. Y.

KEEP YOUR BIRD IN HEALTH and Song by using SINGER'S PATENT GRAVEL PAPER. For sale by all druggists and bird and cage dealers. Price 25 cents. **Depot, 582 Hudson Street, N. Y.**

CAMPBELL'S

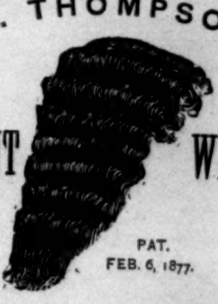
Self-Acting Window Shade Rollers.

Admitted Superior to All Others

Ask your upholsterer for them.

Salesroom, 239 Centre Street, N. Y.

REASONS WHY MRS. THOMPSON'S PATENT WAVES



PAT.
FEB. 6, 1877.

ARE BETTER THAN ALL OTHERS!

1.—*The PATENT SPRING conforms itself in shape to EVERY head.*
2.—*They DO NOT HAVE A FALSE, wiggy look, as all others have.*
3.—*They cannot tear or break apart, but outwear THREE of any wave made.*
4.—*They CANNOT WRINKLE or SHRINK with dampness, but keep their shape for years.*
5.—*They do not fade as quickly, for they don't require dressing as often as others.*
6.—*They are only dressed with a WET COMB, when they get MUSSED, and are known to remain in order for a year without redressing.*
7.—*I GUARANTEE EVERY ONE to be CURLY HAIR, or refund the money if not.*
8.—*MOST IMPORTANT: Every lady can look young and attractive with a THOMPSON WAVE,* AS HUNDREDS WILL ACKNOWLEDGE *they look ten years younger.*
9.—*As I have 10 different styles of THOMPSON WAVES, every fancy can be gratified.*

☞ **Beware of parties endeavoring to sell you Waves representing them to be the Thompson Wave, as I do not allow any other Dealer to sell my goods.**

HEADQUARTERS OF

MRS. C. THOMPSON,

No. 32 East 14th Street, NEW YORK.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½-lb. and lb.) by Grocers, labelled thus:

JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists,
London, England.

IMPORTED TILES & MOSAICS
IN HEARTHS. FACINGS. BATH
ROOMS & FLOORS.
GRATES. FENDERS. ANDIRONS &c.
EDWARD BOOTE
11 EAST 19TH ST. N.Y.

HARPER'S BAZAR CUT PAPER PATTERNS.

We have transferred our **WHOLESALE PATTERN DEPARTMENT** to MR. J. G. CROTTY, Nos. 180 to 186 Cherry Street, New York, who will conduct it upon his own account and responsibility.

SPECIAL CAUTION.

We are not interested in nor responsible for any contracts made by J. G. CROTTY & CO., whether for HARPER'S BAZAR Patterns or for any other business.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

BOSS' PATENT COLD WATCH CASES Economy! Strength! Durability! ELEGANT DESIGNS! GUARANTEED for 20 Years!

PHONOGRAPHY, OR PHONETIC SHORT-HAND. Catalogue of works by Benn Pitman, with alphabet and illustrations for beginners, sent on application. Address PHONOGRAPHIC INSTITUTE, Cin'ti, O.

EUROPE EDUCATIONAL EXCURSIONS

1883, Combining Unequalled Advantages

Send for Descriptive Circular, Free.

E. TOURJEE, Franklin Square, Boston.

A CHARMING BOOK BY CAPT. FARRAR. "EASTWARD HO! OR, ADVENTURES AT RANGELEY LAKES." Cloth, 376 Pages, 5 Illustrations, by mail, $1 50. JAMAICA PUB. CO., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

CARDS NEW STYLES: *Gold Beveled Edge and Chromo Visiting Cards finest quality, largest variety and lowest prices,* **50** *chromos with name,* **10c.**, *a present with each order.* CLINTON BROS. & Co., Clintonville, Conn.

THE LATEST NOVELTY, Magazine Air Rifle. Send for circular to A. S. BRUSH, Manufacturer's Agent, P.O. Box 33, Cambridge, Mass.

AGENTS can now grasp a fortune. Outfit worth **$10** free. Address **E. G. RIDEOUT & CO., 10 Barclay St., N. Y.**

40 Chromo Visiting Cards, no 2 alike, for 1883, name on, and Illustrated Premium List, 10c. Warranted best sold. Agents wanted. L. Jones & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

CARDS Send five 3c. stamps for new set of Imported Cards, "**UMBRELLA,**" WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

30 Fine White Gold-Edge Cards, name on, **10c.** Sample Book, 25c. M. SHAW & Co., Jersey City, N. J.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book **Sent Free.** (**new**) E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., New York.

50 Large Cromos, New and pretty as ever published. Name on, 10c. VANN & CO., New Haven, Conn.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

40 Gold & Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

LUNDBORG'S

RHENISH COLOGNE.

THE PREMIUM
to the Wives of Grocers has been pronounced
by all who have seen it
to be the handsomest and most valuable
ever offered by a manufacturer
to make the trade familiar with his name.
The Case itself is a magnificent one,
and the Silver Ware elegant,
of beautiful pattern, and of the finest quality.

THE INSTANTANEOUS AND UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

Which has attended the introduction of The Frank Siddalls Soap among the readers of "HARPER'S WEEKLY" proves that it must be

AN ARTICLE OF THE HIGHEST MERIT

fully meeting all the expectations raised by the claims made for it:—and the many thousands of ladies who have been led by the advertisements to try the Soap, are now enthusiastic in their praises of it for all uses:

TO GROCERS' WIVES
We offer a Special Premium
of a beautiful set of Plated
Silver Knives and Forks
for simply giving
The Frank Siddalls Soap
a Thorough Trial.

REMEMBER IT IS ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES:—

For Laundry, Bath, Toilet, Hospital, Stable, Scrubbing and Dish-washing.

Better for the Laundry than any other Soap or any Washing Compound! ***Better for Washing an Infant*** than the Finest Imported Castile Soap!
Better for the Toilet than any Toilet Soap! ***Better for Shaving*** than any Shaving Soap! ***Better for Stable Use*** than Castile or Harness Soap!

And Remember, The Frank Siddalls Soap is here PUBLICLY GUARANTEED to do *everything* claimed in this advertisement, and to contain nothing to injure the most tender skin, the most delicate colors or the finest fabrics!

FOR LADIES TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say **that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

—FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

***Where water or fuel is scarce** remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap*
much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag **Sweet and White,** and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the smell of **Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag** dont blame your servants; ***it is not their fault;*** for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag: **use The Frank Siddalls Soap,** made of **Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.**

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

—FOR HOUSE CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ***ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;*** while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. **Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.***

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, **its ingredients being so pure and mild.**

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, ***and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.***

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for **washing cars and car windows,** cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; **by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use **in the Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing **Chafed Places on Infants and Adults;** for use by persons suffering with **Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face,** and for children afflicted with **Scaly Incrustations,** it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

—FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, **that is always pleasant, even to an invalid;** it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce; **it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,*** as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (***not washed out;***) **it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing.** Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—**Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.**

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

—ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in **Schools of Design** for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; **a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas.**

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

***Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.*—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT,**
and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, ***will not chap*** from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind **MUST NOT BE USED** (***not even Castile Soap***).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun.
It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.
Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY."
Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—**That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.**

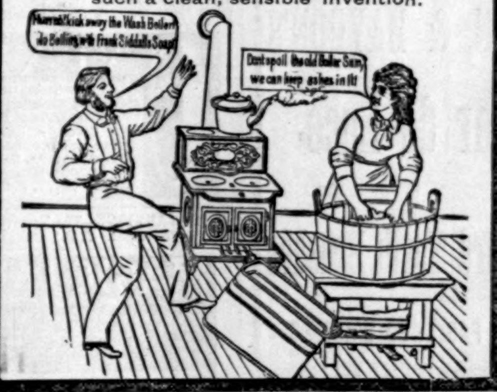
Promise No. 2—**That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.**

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. **All this is done for 10 cents** *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention,
it will be because
you have not made the promises,
or because you have sent for
more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.
A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try
such a clean, sensible invention.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for,
but after trying it, dealers will buy it
from their wholesale houses
to accommodate you,
or you can order direct from the Factory.
You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle
THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch;
it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.